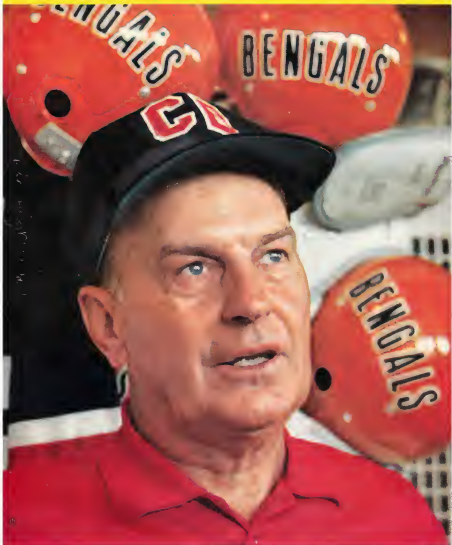


# Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 12, 1968 40 CENTS

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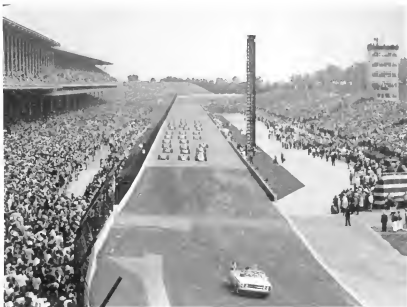
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Credits on page 94

## Next week

CURT FLOOD of the St. Louis Cardinals is the best hitter on a team so good that on the rare occasion when a player makes a mistake it is cause for a clubhouse party game.

THE WIND ITSELF seems to belong to Paul Elvstrom, the redoubtable Danish sailor who can race a boat like no one else in the world. Coles Pincus writes about this salty genius.

SETTING RECORDS on the salt flats may be easy for some people, not for a marshmallow foot named Bub Ottum, who abandoned his 150-pounder to take the wheel of a Mustang.



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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



About five years ago the San Diego Chargers' Ron Mix tackled a typewriter for the first time for this magazine and turned out a delightful piece he called *I Swore I Would Quit Football* (\$1, Sept. 16, 1963). There were a few ohs and ahs in those days that a burly pro—the old James Thurber dumb-on image still persists—could do more than sign a contract with a big X, much less actually put his thoughts down on paper. Well, the literate Mr. Mix did not quit football, nor did he quit writing; another inside-Ron Mix story appears this week on page 38. And he is running in fast company.

Mix is just one of a growing number of athletes turned author who have written their own stories in their own way for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. What surprises many readers is the quality of the writing, the gratifying ability of the athlete with a literary bent to communicate his moments of ecstasy, the weight of his agony, the fun of his frolics. From the standpoint of quantity, this literary explosion seems to have been led, as it were, by the track stars. When Roger Bannister wrote *The Joy of Running* for SI way back in 1955, he apparently sent several other notable trackmen sprinting for pen and pad. "I thought that I jumped in an especially light and beautiful way," wrote Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who established a world record in 1962 with a jump of 27' 3/4". SI's least-known long-distance runner, Hal Hixon, not-

ed that "it is harder to explain a marathon than to run one," but he has done both with unflinching verve, and Ron Delany, now a businessman in his native Dublin, recently recalled the years of effort that led to his glory at Melbourne.

In *A Flail Win for the Blue* (May 23, 1966) former Blue Team bridge captain Carlo Alberto Perroux distinguished himself by writing with almost hilarious gloom of his team's victory at St. Vincent, Italy. Skier Andrea Mesd Lawrence scruined into our pages in 1964, 12 years after almost cornering the gold market in the 1952 Olympics, and Jim Brosnan might have been lost to baseball to begin with had he (or we) known he could write so well. Tennis player Gene Scott wrote of the miracle of reaching the semifinals at Forest Hills. An excitable table-tennis champion named Dick Miles has happily taken to the journalistic trade with *Spongers Seldom Chisel*. *The Channel Is a Place to Suffer* and *A Bat About Ping-Pong*, better known as the adventures of Hugo Raizinger.

And this time, with Ron Mix revisited, we know there will not be any ohs or ahs.

Gary Ball

**Sports Illustrated**

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# SCORECARD

## THROW-AWAY LAWS

The passage of a pollution law often occasions celebration, but a recent incident on Maine's Prestile River (SCORECARD, July 22) demonstrates just how ineffective and vainglorious this legislation can be. The Prestile is being contaminated by a potato processing plant. The Attorney General's office has called the stream "an open sewer," and a health hazard—decaying fish and maggots litter the banks. Yet the only charge the state of Maine can bring against the factory owner is that he is creating a public nuisance. "Our pollution statutes are virtually worthless," Maine's Assistant Attorney General Robert Fuller admitted last week.

In the guise of further pollution control the current legislature has, in effect, given industry an exemption from pollution suits until 1976. In addition, firms established prior to August 1953 have an automatic license to empty their wastes into rivers. Industries built subsequently must obtain a permit from the state to dump material into Maine's waters, but once the permit has been granted it cannot be revoked. The industry has a free hand. "Nowhere in the statutes does it say anything about violating such licenses," Fuller says.

Maine is not the only state with worthless pollution laws. Another example is Michigan. Detroit's pollution cases are tried in traffic court, and fines are minuscule. In Lansing recently a Michigan state commission condemned five communities for pollution. The commission ordered the city of Saginaw to stop discharging inadequately treated sewage into the Saginaw River by June 1, 1971. The other four towns were given more severe deadlines. They were told to comply by 1970.

The whole thing smells, doesn't it?

## BELONG BOARD

A substance has been developed that apparently can hop up a racing yacht or rowing shell. The compound, called Poly-

Ox, is said to increase the speed of a top-class rowing eight over a regulation 2,000-meter course by as much as 40 seconds. It costs about \$24 a race to stimulate a shell with the substance, which acts as a drag reducer. It is earned inside the shell and oozes out steadily through holes in the hull. After tank tests proved the effectiveness of Poly-Ox the secretary of Britain's Amateur Rowing Association declared: "This is merely a method of doping the boats rather than the rowers. It must be stopped quickly, otherwise it will be picked up for use in the Olympics."

## IN THE CELLAR

When Gene Wiley was signed by the Los Angeles Lakers in 1962, Coach Fred Schaus described him as "the closest thing to Bill Russell to come into the NBA in the past six seasons." Probably the praise of the 6' 10" Negro was too lavish, but Wiley did become starting center on the team. When he injured his knee three years ago he was dropped by the Lakers. In a comeback effort last year he failed to make it with the Oakland Oaks of the ABA, and his playing days were over. Since then Wiley—who spent four years at Wichita State in the Missouri Valley Conference—has had trouble getting a job, but he has finally landed steady employment in a position associated with sport: he is a janitor at The Forum in Inglewood, Calif.

## GRAY FLANNEL FOOTBALL

Southern Methodist University is trying harder to compete with the Dallas Cowboys for the football dollar. SMU has gone to the Madison Avenue of Dallas and hired the Tracy-Locke agency to run SMU up the flagpole and see if anybody cheers—and pays for season tickets. The ad campaign, which is said to be the first such college effort in football history, will cost \$40,000 and will be paid for by a group of downtown businessmen.

The first ad, three-quarters of a page,

appeared last week in Dallas sports pages. It was headed: SMU THREW MORE PASSES PER GAME [33] IN '67 THAN ANY OTHER DALLAS TEAM—AND COMPLETED MORE [18.9] TOO. This was a needle in the piskin of the Cowboys. In fact, SMU completed more passes (57.2%) than any pro team except the Baltimore Colts (58%). The Cowboys' record: an average of 29.7 passes thrown per game, 15 completed.

Over 300 TV spots, 700 radio pitches and numerous billboard ads will follow with the theme "Excitement '68." Mustang Coach Hayden Fry is even sounding like an adman in his enthusiasm for the campaign, which he calls emphasizing the four E's—exciting, explosive, entertaining and electrifying. Whatever else he accomplishes, Fry should get an "E" for effort.

## FLIPPER THE FREELoader

Four teen-agers from Naples, Fla. were water-skiing in the Gulf of Mexico last month when, about 1,000 yards offshore, they noticed a dolphin following in their wake. They stopped and the dolphin approached the boat, where it accepted



some food, then hung around with the youngsters all afternoon.

One of the skiers, 16-year-old Gail Whitney, told her parents about it that evening. Unconvinced, they suggested that she go out again with a camera and bring back some photographs as proof. Gail did, and the pictures turned out fine.

Now the children of Naples are going broke buying frozen mullet to feed their pet dolphin. Their system is simple. One of them brings an automobile

continued

horn and toots it under water. The dolphin now recognizes the sound as a dinner horn. Then it's over the side to wrestle with the big mammal (about eight feet), scratch its back and serve its daily dinner.

Since it is so friendly, the presumption has been that the dolphin escaped from an aquarium and, sure enough, a dolphin named Teresa did get loose a while back from Floridaland, a Venice, Fla. porpoise show. Teresa had a scar on her throat. So does the dolphin of Naples. But if Venice wants Teresa back it will have to fight the teen-agers of Naples, and that might be a losing war. To start with, Naples has a formidable navy.

#### UNHOLY ALLIANCE?

Understandably, perhaps, the fans of the New Orleans Saints are angry that they must give up their No. 1 draft choice this season, Kevin Hardy, and next year's top pick as well, to San Francisco to compensate the 49ers for signing Dave Parks, the star pass receiver who had played out his option. The decision was made by Commissioner Pete Rozelle in accordance with league rules, but the price set on Parks was the highest ever ordered in such a case. The cost of hiring free agents may be going up. If it goes much higher the National Football League might, after all, have found a way to keep its stars from playing out their options and putting themselves on the open market. No team will be able to afford signing them.

#### SHAKING EXPERIENCE

Bill Gardner, shortstop for the Cougars in the class A New York-Pennsylvania League, was married recently in a pregame ceremony at home plate in the Newark, N.Y. park. In the game that followed Gardner struck out four times and committed three errors.

#### FUNDAMENTAL CHANGE

In its 74-year history only six foreign golfers have managed to win the U.S. Amateur, but 33-year-old Britisher Michael Bonallack, who has won five major amateur titles abroad this season, one by 19 strokes, is going to give it a try and all because he went to school. In spite of the fact that he had won two British and four English titles and had played on five Walker Cup and four World Amateur teams, Bonallack decided last win-

ter that he had to change his game. "Everyone I played with," he recalls, "was outdriving me, and the experience was a bit frustrating." So he started taking lessons in Leslie King's Golf School in Lowndes Square in London. King taught Bonallack, long a devotee of the wristy British style of golf, the one-piece swing that is popular in the U.S., and by February Bonallack had dispensed with his floppy fellow-through and was keeping his wrists and hands, and thus the club face, square to the target at impact. The new technique added 25 to 35 yards to his drives, and he was hitting straighter than ever. In June Bonallack won the British Amateur at Troon, defeating formidable Joe Carr 7 and 6 in the final round. Last month he took the English Amateur final 12 and 11, shooting a 10-under-par 61 in the morning round. Defeated only once in amateur competition this season, he will be a man worth watching when the U.S. Amateur begins on August 28 at Skotso Country Club in Columbus, Ohio.

#### EXTRA POINTS

In recent seasons kicking has developed into a kind of esoteric art, so abstruse, in fact, that most pro teams have left their kicking specialists to their own devices. "Very few observers can say why a kicked ball goes high, low or to the side," Oakland Coach John Rauch explains. The Raiders, however, believe they may have found a coach with some answers. He is 22-year-old Bugsy Engelberg, who played for East Tennessee State and was an assistant coach last season at Florida State. In his year at Tallahassee, Bugsy (he got his name when he was 2 weeks old and someone said he looked cute as a bug) developed an outstanding kicker, Grant Guthrie, who ranked among the top 10 college players in the country. Guthrie kicked 27 straight extra points and 28 of 29 for the Seminoles during the season.

Rauch is impressed with Engelberg's coaching methods. Bugsy sets volleyball nets between his kickers and the goalposts to force his athletes to loft the ball, and he narrows the width of the goalposts to improve their accuracy. At Florida State he faked down a heel place—the kind pivoting quarterbacks sometimes use—and placed it on the toe of one kicker's shoe. He also experimented with removing the first three cleats to eliminate the problem of catching them

in the turf as the foot comes into the ball. Then, there is an Engelberg invention—a five-foot elastic cord that binds a kicker's foot to a fixed object, restricting the kicking movement in order to build up more strength in the foot. "It's like a batter swinging two bats before going to the plate," the young coach explains.

Finally, Engelberg is working on a book about kicking. He would appear to have enough novel ideas to score well in that field, too.

#### SMALL CHECKS

Professional football isn't the only sport that has had a hot summer of labor-management strife. At the opening of the recent IBM tournament in Amsterdam, several chess players and officials declared that they were being ripped.

Prizes in professional and open tournaments are too low considering the hours, claimed several spokesmen. Dr. Max Euwe, a former world champion who is president of the Dutch Chess Association, protested the bad working conditions of supposedly professional chess in contrast to those enjoyed by amateurs in other sports. Holland's No. 1 tennis amateur, said Euwe, can make \$2,200 in a few days. A Dutch chess master does well to make that much in nine tournaments.

The chessmen did not threaten any walkouts or sit-outs, but Euwe urged a prompt international settlement of their complaints. Management might be excused for not wanting to face the world's best chess brains across a bargaining table, but the Amsterdam players sounded determined. "We have always been poor," says Dutch Grandmaster Jan H. Donner. "That's why so many chess professionals are Communists. I think."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Anna Losasso, Hofstra University art student who has been sketching Joe Namath at Jet practices: "Watching him is like watching Rudolph Valentino doing a tango. His body represents the curved line. In art they call it piety—or religion. He's emanated from nature, and Namath's line is the purest form of art, or something."

• Butch van Breda Kolff, Los Angeles Laker coach, asked what effect the addition of Wilt Chamberlain will have on his team: "We'll have a much better chance of getting rebounds." **END**

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AUGUST 12, 1966





# A HOME WITH NO DOME

*And maybe no team. Montreal's Autostade (left) is to be the temporary quarters for the new baseball team—if the owners come up with \$1 million plus and the city fathers promise a domed stadium* by FRANK DEFORD

The national pastime's Canadian chapter began in a National League meeting in Chicago on May 27, when, to the surprise of almost everyone, Montreal was accepted for membership as an expansion franchise in 1969. Unfortunately, about eight minutes later things began to cloud up and they have remained remarkably fuzzy ever since. In fact, it now seems quite possible that Montreal will not have a franchise after next Thursday, August 15. That is the deadline, when, all kidding aside, an initiation fee of \$1,120,000 in U.S. money must be handed over to the National League.

As dark as the situation now appears for Montreal, if the city's recent history of rising to and surpassing the occasion is any criterion, National League President Warren Giles will be sitting in his office in the Carew Tower in Cincinnati at 11:59 p.m. next Thursday, when, in a flourish, Sergeant Preston will enter, his loyal husky King panting by his side (the office is 26 flights up), clamping \$1,120,000 in crisp \$1,000 bills in his teeth. "Down, King, down, you husky," the brave Mountie cries as King jumps up on Giles' desk and starts spewing money all over the road maps spread out there. But look: \$1,120,000. "This case is closed," Sergeant Preston intones, as is his custom.

King, being no dummy, sniffs around and finds Walter O'Malley hiding behind a curtain and joyously begins licking his hand. The Montreal Mounties or Phantoms or whatever go on to become the most successful franchise in

baseball. Montreal's promised domed stadium is built on schedule by 1972, the NFL falls all over itself rushing to put a team in there, Montreal is awarded the 1976 Olympics, and everybody forgets what a botch it all was.

But it has been some mess in Montreal ever since May 27, and sadly, one must assume that Sergeant Preston will not close this case. Instead, sometime before August 15 Seagrams whiskey heir Charles Bronfman, who has become chairman of the Phantoms by default (after multimillionaire Jean Louis Lesvesque quit), will probably call Giles and tell him the jig is up.

If this happens, the fun will really start for the National League. The league can choose to switch the franchise to Buffalo, Dallas-Fort Worth, a large barge out beyond the three-mile limit or any number of other places that do not have major league stadiums. Or it can return to the scene of its crime, Milwaukee, which happens to be the only city that does have an available satisfactory park. Either way it will be terribly embarrassing, which is why the National League keeps cooing sweet nothings whenever it is suggested that there just might be a problem in Montreal.

The problem is there, though, and it is the stadium, or rather, the problem is there but the stadium is not. Teams do not really move to cities anymore. They move to stadiums, and Montreal, which does not have to concern itself with messy referendums that involve voters, as do cities in the U.S., got the fran-

chise primarily because Mayor Jean Drapeau, an effervescent little La Guardian dynamo, was able by himself to absolutely promise the league that Montreal would construct a magnificent domed stadium by 1971. For the interim, he also committed the city to refurbishing and enlarging a 26,000-seat Stonehenge called the Autostade.

It certainly was a feasible plan, but even though the mayor's party controls 45 of 48 seats on the city council, which must approve such matters, Montreal was suddenly caught up in a wave of social concern—the same concern that has made it difficult for U.S. politicians to approve such goodies as stadiums that invariably cost up to twice their fanciful estimates (\$35 million in Montreal). For eventually the same reasons, the Massachusetts legislature killed a Boston stadium bill last month.

It is probably not just coincidence that Drapeau invariably voluble on any subject related to his beloved Montreal—retreated from public inquiry, and the owners soon began to accuse him of "hedging" on the domed stadium shortly after a stinging editorial appeared in *The Montreal Star* on May 29. The editorial, entitled *We can't survive only on circus*, said in part:

"This is a city in which too many people go to bed hungry, in which thousands of citizens suffer inadequate housing, in which disadvantaged children have no public-sponsored preschooling, in which free public parks suddenly require a \$2.50 admissions tag, in which

*continued*

too many men, women and children are struggling to subsist on inadequate welfare handouts.

"We think we're ready for big-league baseball, we think Montrealers will support their new team. But let the team owners build their own stadium."

Canadian owners, like their American brethren, consider stadium building as strictly a civic enterprise. Besides going to games, what else are taxpayers for? And the mayor, for once, has had some problems of his own. *Man and His World*, a permanent, reconstituted version of the fantastically successful *Expo '67*, is an outstanding exhibition, but it is losing money. The mayor did come up with a marvellously fey device called a "voluntary tax"—purists would call it a good old-fashioned lottery—and while it is bringing in \$1 million a month, no one expects it to outlast the first court test. It is no time to be asking for a \$15 million stadium even if it actually turned out to cost \$15 million.

The mayor has tried to placate the owners, assuring them that he is only waiting for a ripe future moment to introduce the stadium bill, but the owners, all sage businessmen, are no longer prepared to proceed on faith. Since the mayor will not talk there is really no way of knowing, but it is not above conjecture to imagine that he may be delaying until he can fill an inside straight. If Montreal is awarded the '76 Olympics and if it can get some guarantee of an NFL franchise, a stadium could then be more easily rationalized. Drapeau is already at work on the 1976 Olympics, even though they fall in the year of the 200th anniversary of the United States, a large republic of gun slingers and credit-card holders that lies directly south of the Dominion.

Gerry Snyder, vice-chairman of the city executive committee, the highest-ranking English-speaking Montreal official and the man who was almost solely responsible for the effort that won the baseball team, says matter-of-factly: "It's unfortunate for Americans and I know it's unfair, but I know the people who vote and they'll just never give the Olympics to the States." Snyder entertains even less doubt that Montreal will obtain an NFL team as soon as the stadium becomes a reality. But the baseball owners will not play a waiting game.

"I don't want to enervate the city," says Bronfman, who is a great admirer

of Drapeau. "The city does have a problem. It has the stadiums on the one hand, and, on the other, it must try to provide some kind of protection for investors. After all, we are prepared to assume legitimate business risks; and we have examined this situation carefully—and a franchise, frankly, at best offers only marginal return."

It is, then, essentially a case where honorable, responsible men on both sides made blithe commitments that were never seriously thought out. The city—Snyder, anyway—may have had at least a hunch that it would win the franchise, but none of the owners ever even imagined that they might actually have a team to own. As a result, almost from the first there were rumors, eventually substantiated, that some of the sponsors wanted out.

This led to a remarkable public confessional that was issued to the league at the Houston All-Star Game meetings when all seven of the original equal partners signed a statement to the effect that they would not desert the enterprise. The league, which has been either terribly indulgent or simply naive all along, was so taken by this that it coaxed some more and said the domed stadium would not have to be ready until 1972.

And vengeance, too, the Texas air. The vultures from Milwaukee, Buffalo and Dallas were here," the Montreal team lawyer, Jonathon Robinson, said. "They left disappointed. When the season opens next April, Montreal will be in there."

Back from Houston, however, the malaise only set in deeper as the owners waited for the mayor to fulfill his promise. Additional but futile pressure was also applied to have the Autostade covered as well, the most fetching scheme suggested that it be made to resemble a modernistic tent, like the popular *Expo* German pavilion. Then, only two weeks after the Houston declaration, the two French-Canadian owners pulled out. One was Levesque, who demanded written assurances from the city on such subjects as the stadium concession revenues and a tax deal. When none came within the 48-hour limit he set, he quit.

Bronfman, who then moved up to head the team, followed with a private letter of his own to the mayor. The letter was necessary, Bronfman said, to place his own account on the record, and among other things "to protect

myself" from any charges of ethnic bias or strife. Eighty-two percent of Montreal is French-speaking, and the team would enjoy no chance for success if the dominant French-Canadian element was alienated. There is, however, absolutely no evidence of French-English conflict. The French press and community have remained more cordial, in fact, to the operation than have the English-speaking. "Jean Louis Levesque left because he just doesn't like politicians," one of his associates explained. He also apparently did not like the chances for his money.

Last week Bronfman made assurances that substitute owners had been found and that one was French. He also said that "understandings" had been reached with eight potential employees including a general manager who is presumed to be John McHale, Commissioner Eckert's aide. But all signings and operations continue to await the stadium commitment.

Montreal has now squabbled so long with itself that even if the owners are satisfied and hand over the \$1,120,000 in time, there are still great problems facing the Phantoms. San Diego, under former Dodger General Manager Buzzie Bavasi, was voted in hours after Montreal, but is already months ahead in its operation. Not one ticket has been sold in Montreal. The other 23 major league teams have gone ahead and set up their spring-training schedules without leaving room for anyone to play exhibitions against the Canadian entry. With time piddling away, the owners themselves are beginning to doubt that the Autostade can be fixed up for the start of the season.

"You know you can't even ask me that question," Bronfman replies, plaintive and honest.

It is ironic, but the chaos of the last months has all but dissipated original emotional arguments against a Montreal membership in the great American pastime. These complaints that Montreal was too cold and was foreign—were all but specious anyway. Montreal's mean temperature is only 42° in April, but it has no ben on harsh spring weather. It is a balmy 44° in Minneapolis-St. Paul in April, and live other major league cities. As well as Buffalo and Milwaukee also average below 50°.

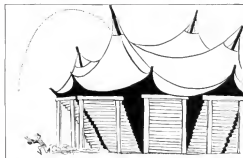
Montreal is after all, only 30 miles from the U.S. border, and traditionalists and America-firsters might also note



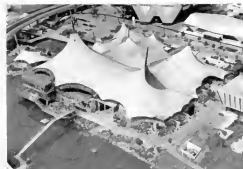
Seagram heir Charles Bronfman is the hard-headed chairman of the new club.



Mayor Jean Drapeau has until August 16 to produce firm plans for a new stadium.



One of the ideas (subsequently turned down) was to cover the Autostade, using as a pattern the roof of the Expo Garmen pavilion (below). As depicted by a "Montreal Star" cartoonist (above), baseball would be a Ringling Brothers-Wagnerian three-ring circus.



that it is closer to Cooperstown than all but one U.S. franchise city. Montreal has, in fact, a substantial baseball heritage, and there is hardly a player who played for the old International League Royals who was not pleased to see Montreal welcomed to the majors.

Charles Trudeau, father of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, was once an owner of the Royals, who were, in the years following World War II, the greatest minor league team in baseball. Buzze Bavasi ran the Royals, Walt Abston managed them and most of the great Dodgers prepped there. Jackie Robinson began his career, and that of all Negroes, at Montreal in 1946. The team drew as many as 600,000 some seasons and in 1949 showed a profit of \$132,000. The French-Canadians were hardly less enthusiastic about baseball than they are about hockey. They would pile off streetcars and into old Delormier Downs to see the Royals. Delormier was not just a stadium. A dance hall, a tavern and a printing press were among just some of the other businesses located on the premises, and Bavasi helped team profits further by striking a bargain with the tavern owner to permit, for a cut, thirsty Royals patrons to repair to the pub between innings.

Montreal itself is not just a city. It is a confluence of human currents, of French and English, of puritan Catholic and raucous libertine, of cosmopolitan and honky-tonk. Expo and the other Drapeauvian wonders have uplifted the citizenry. Once a wide-open Prohibition retreat, which Americans escaped to for good whiskey and bad women, Montreal now is bright and burgeoning. The men talk proud, and the women—short-skirted, saucer-eyed and full-bosomed—walk pretty. The metropolitan area has a population of 2,500,000—larger than 13 U.S. major league metropolises. The hall team would also truly enjoy, as Expo did, a national rooting constituency of 20 million. Television would carry the games all over the Dominion.

The venture is apparently not yet altogether lost, though, and besides, Mayor Drapeau has been fielding hasty epitaphs and throwing them back for years now. "How can anyone dispute him anymore?" asks Red Fisher, the cryptic sports columnist on the *Star*. "Everytime he has a baby, it's triplets."

On, King, on you huskies, on to Cincomata.

END

# THE ONLY YEAR OF THEIR LIVES

*An Olympic year is more like a whole lifetime in the brief competitive career of a U.S. girl swimmer, when every battle becomes a war. That is what happened last week at the AAU Championships in Lincoln* **by RICHARD ROLLINS**



*Debbie Meyer won twice to show why she may be first U.S. girl to win a breaststroke gold medal*

**T**O the girl swimmers from California's golden land the future always looks odd, perhaps because they have sheltered themselves so from the present. They come from where the hot winds blow and the divorce rate far exceeds the national, where one person in 38 lives in a trailer, and where the misplaced children from broken homes gather. But for the girls there are only the blue pools filled season into season. Their hair is bleached by the chlorine and scorched by the sun into strands of gold tinsel, while their deep-brown bodies still carry reminders of baby fat. They will go through the consolidated high school's, and nobody will ask them out for Saturday night's dance or the drive-in movie and a burger on The Strip, because they have no time. Swimming is their life, and they are unconscious of all but its demands.

Debbie Meyer is the most famous of the breed, from the part of the golden land that is Arden Hills, Calif. Arden Hills is not like Carmel or Monterey, Big Sur or La Jolla. It huddles near the Sacramento's muddy water, cut off from the sea and San Francisco by the Coast Ranges and from the rest of the continent by the Sierra Nevada. Debbie came to Arden Hills by way of Had-donfield, N.J., when her father was transferred west by the Campbell Soup Co. In New Jersey she had been swimming only one hour a day maybe three times a week, and she couldn't even do the warmups when she started to swim for Sherm Chavoor, owner of the Arden Hills Swimming and Tennis Club. The first time she eased into the pool Sherm told her just to go ahead and do 20 laps to loosen up. After struggling through four laps she dragged her exhausted 98-pound frame out of the water.

That was only about four years ago. Now she is a few weeks short of 16,

and she swims seven or eight miles every day in the heat or the wind and the rain. Every day.

But there are many of them like Debbie, so many that what was expected to be a relaxed warmup for the Olympic trials at last week's AAU National Swimming and Diving Championships in Lincoln, Neb. turned into a fierce Olympic preview. Perhaps the girls should have been pacing themselves, as the men did, but they realize that the U.S. team is going to be so strong that whoever qualifies for it at the trials August 24-28 is almost assured of a medal in many of the events two months later at Mexico City.

The girls are making the effort now because they know that their toughest competition is right here, anyway. They can't kid each other. Two of the top gold medal prospects, Debbie and Sue Pedersen, swim against each other every day for Sherm Chavoort, who also happens to be the women's Olympic coach at the Arden Hills gopher ranch.

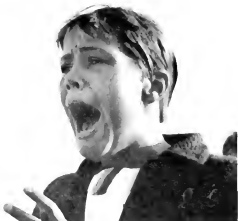
"Every morning when I come to the pool," Chavoort says, "the first thing I do is make a gopher check. This year so far I have found 164 gophers in the pool, and I got 11 in one day. The girls won't go near the pool unless I clean them out. Actually, the gophers aren't so bad, it's the snakes and muskrats that really bother them."

"Sherm is really horrible to those little gophers," Debbie says. "Sue and I sit on the bottom of the pool when he is getting rid of them."

"All that gore," says Sue. "Eechh." But the pool usually does have a lot more swimmers in it than gophers. Chavoort, who has been coaching now for 21 years, has more than 180 young swimmers, and they are still coming.

"It's tough on these kids," Chavoort explains. "Swimming isn't like any other sport. In track or football you can at least talk while you're playing and watch what's going on around you. In swimming you have your face in the water, and you just follow that black line on the bottom of the pool. Sometimes I think I'd like to dump some fish in the pool and give the kids something to look at while they're working out. People think that girl swimmers, or even boys for that matter, peak when they are 16

continued



Cheering here for a friend: Debbie Meyer then went out and set more world records herself.



Eddie Weibel best Debbie and broke Sue Pedersen's pending 200-meter world record.

or 17, but it isn't true at all. These kids are no different from any other athletes, and they would peak at the same time, too, around 23 or 24.

"The problem is that they have no program after age group and high school to go into. The boys can go on in college, but they still don't get the amount of pool time that they need. The whole thing is pool time. The reason most of the swimmers are from California is pool time. Everybody out here has a pool, and you can swim in it all year round. It's too bad the girls can't go on after high school when they've spent so much time at it."

Sherm leaned back in his chair slightly, and then, thinking of something he had heard from a church pulpit or more likely during his days as a high school principal, he said with finality. "But swimming is good for them—sound body, sound mind, healthy spirit."

Swimming does not, however, quite manage to exercise all human frailties of the teen-age girl. "The biggest problem with them is trying to keep their weight down, and Sue is the worst of all," Chavoor says, shaking his head. "She is a real imp, always hiding candy and cookies in her pocketbook or her room."

"You should see her room," Debbie

laughs. "Right now it's just full of cookies and junk."

"Hey, now wait a minute," Sue says. "I bought these cookies for you, too. Well, maybe I do eat a cookie or two too many."

"I remember one time when we were down in Texas and we were on our way to the Nationals in Oklahoma," Sherm went on. "We stopped at one of those Texas-size burger-and-soda places. Well, before I knew it all the girls had these huge sodas in front of them. I said, 'Hold it, girls. I'll eat those.' and I did. 'Course I was sick for two days."

Sue is younger than Debbie, but she has been swimming longer. She is 14 and will be 15 the day before the Olympic Games start, but she has been racing since she was 9. She has held more than 50 age-group records and took a second at the Nationals in Oklahoma when she was just 12.

By contrast, Debbie was a doddling, ancient of almost 14 when she began to mature as a swimmer. It showed first in the 1966 Nationals when she took a second in the 1,500-meter freestyle and a third in the 400-meter free, but it was only last year that she began winning everything and repeatedly lowered the world records in the 400 and 1,500 freestyle. It was also in 1967 that Debbie

was cited by the Soviet news agency, Tass, as the Sportswoman of the Year, the first time an American ever won.

Last week in Lincoln Debbie Meyer and Sue Pedersen stood side by side, as they had so many times before, at the start of the 400-meter freestyle. Debbie stood cool at the back of the starting block, her close-cropped hair falling softly over her forehead and her hands at parade rest behind her back. Sue arrived late. She was off talking with some friends somewhere and had to be collected for the race by one of the officials. They swam side by side on the gun lap, and then Debbie began to edge slowly ahead. Debbie finished amid light, scattered applause in the world record time of 4:26.7, and Sue was a stroke behind her. The people who follow swimming have come to expect world records from Debbie, so much so that the announcer at the pool forgot to mention it.

The rest of the meet was not to be quite as spectacular for Debbie, but it was certainly adequate. Sue won the 1,500 meters handily in a meet record, setting a world 800 mark along the way, but then she did lose the 200-meter freestyle to Eadie Weizel of Lake Forest, Ill., although they were both under the pending world record that Sue had set in the Santa Clara Invitationals four weeks ago.

Sue decided to pass up that event because it conflicted with the 400 individual medley that she really wants to compete in at Mexico City. Instead she went out and beat the world-record holder Claudia Kolb in the medley, and she and Debbie both were on the Arden Hills team that set a new 800-meter freestyle relay record. Claudia, a composer of acknowledged great heart, beat Sue by a long hand touch in the 200-meter individual medley. She has generally been considered to be the best all-round swimmer in the world, but it is a crown that Sue is now laying claim to jewel by jewel.

Similarly a palace revolt may also have begun in the men's competition, when Mark Spitz from Santa Clara was finally paired in the 200-meter freestyle against his teammate, Don Schollander, who had not lost the event in six years. Their coach, George Haines, had tried to keep his two stars from a head-to-head confrontation as long as possible, because he felt that a meeting would



*Renowned as a tough competitor, Claudia Kolb is regarded as world's top all-around swimmer.*

help neither. Certainly it did not profit Schollander, because Spitz beat him.

Ralph Hutton from Football Aquatic Club and Mike Burton from Arden Hills both bettered the existing world record in the 400-meter freestyle by more than a second, but even in the Spitz-Schollander duel the men's times were uniformly slow, so that it was the young ladies who kept supplying most of the excitement.

It is a matter of both quantity and quality. For the first time the women's swimming and diving team has a chance to bring home more medals than the men, and since five new events for men and six for women have been added for this year's Games, swimming now offers only three fewer gold medals than track and field.

There are U.S. girls enough, it seems, to win almost all of them. Besides the golden gopher girls, Eadie Wetzel's freestyle record clearly establishes her rank. Claudia Kolb remains a likely choice in the individual medley, and Toni Hewitt and Ellie Daniel, who finished one, two in the 200-meter butterfly, are both world threats.

And now, although the U.S. has never before taken a gold medal in the breaststroke, 16-year-old Cate Ball appears to have a chance at two of them. Cate is a perky little freckle-faced blonde from Jacksonville, Fla. She swims with a new club called the J.E.T.S. under the coaching of George Campbell. The J.E.T.S. do not have a regulation 50-meter pool, so a lot of their time is spent in morning workouts at the Jacksonville Naval Air Station. Cate presently holds the world record in both the 100- and the 200-meter breaststroke, but Galina Prozumenskikova of Russia, who won the 200 meters in Tokyo, has swum the event in better time than Cate this year.

Cate swam against Prozumenskikova last year in Bremen, Germany and managed to beat her by about the length of her name.

"I was really swimming scared," says Cate. "I don't ever remember being that scared in competition before. The only other time I was nearly that worried was in the Little Olympics in 1966 when there was this girl from Uruguay swimming in the heat just before me. And she went so fast, well, I couldn't believe it. I said, 'Now, hey, girl, you can't swim that fast.'"

Cate Ball is probably the only swim-

mer who has any real apprehension about going to Mexico City. "Every time I go out of the country I get sick or something," she says. "It's really weird, I was in London and I had to stay in bed all day before the race, and I was behind for three lengths. I kept saying, 'Way to go, Cate, way to get sick.' But I won on the last lap."

In Mexico at the Little Olympics she had to be taken to the hospital, and at the Pan American Games everybody was standing in puddles for the opening ceremony with it just "pouring down rain. Well, the next day you should have seen me," Cate explains, "with my glands swell way out to here."

Apparently, Cate does not really have to leave the country at all to come down with an illness. Last February she got mononucleosis and had to stay out of the pool for two months. "It really wasn't that bad," she says. "It was just about the time the Winter Olympics started, and I watched them every day on the tube. I got a little white, fluffy French poodle about then, and guess what I named him? Go on, guess. Right Jean-Claude. I wish I didn't now, though. Boy, what a dumb dog. He's so stupid I really wish I hadn't named him that."

Like her California competitors, Cate has been swimming four to six hours

a day six days a week since she was 8 years old. During the school year she works out both before and after classes, which does not leave her much time for clubs or other school activities. "You really can't do anything," she says. "I was elected vice-president of my class this year, but don't ask me how. I tried dating, but it just doesn't work out. You don't have the time, and you get too tired. But I must really like swimming, because I can quit anytime I want to. My folks have been great, they don't push me like a lot of parents do."

Like many swimmers, the part of practice Cate dislikes the most is the morning workouts. There are times in the winter when it gets down below freezing, and the steam off the water is so thick that it is impossible even to see the other swimmers. "We spend most of the time just humping into each other," Cate says. "You wonder why everybody goes to those practices."

It is no wonder, really. It is an Olympic year, and all these girls are too young to have even known any other Olympics. From the time they first splashed through a race, this is the one thing, the one year, they have been after. "Olympic medals are the real reward," says Debbie Meyer, "in my line of work."

END



Sue Pedersen practices in California only after coach throws gophers into the pool.

# THE LONER LEADS THE CHARGE

*Lee Roy Yarbrough is 'real mean out on the track,' hard-nosed and a self-styled ex-delinquent, but he proved in the Dixie 500 that a bog-hole driver from Florida can beat the red-clay boys at their own game* **by KIM CHAPIN**

The thing about Lee Roy Yarbrough is that he has always had this uncanny knack for finding trouble. His childhood, spent in Jacksonville as one of six children, was filled with loneliness and bad feelings that he won't discuss even today. "A lot of things happened to me," he says, "and there are a lot of things I just don't want to remember." He has described himself as a juvenile delinquent of those days. On the racetrack as an adult, it was no better.

Nearly every good Southern stock-car driver, as most fans know, comes from the red-clay region of what is called the Piedmont Plateau, an area stretching from Fort Royal, Va. in the north to Columbia, Ga. in the south. All you need is a bulldozer to turn a nice oval in the clay and some branch water, and you can go racing. But west of that is the

Blue Ridge, and south—around areas like Jacksonville—is the Central Plain, where the only thing you scrape up with a dozer is sand and rocks and swampland. And drivers are different. The outlaw tracks there are the meanest of a mean lot and even the chargers from the Piedmont say you have to be crazy to race on a rutted, hog-holed track in the Plain. That was where Lee Roy started.

Even when he moved north, to Columbia, S.C. in the early '60s, it was hard to unlearn the racing lessons. His reputation grew, with his talent, as a hard-nosed loner in a business already filled with loners.

Driver Tiny Lund was only half-smiling when he said, "Lee Roy is the only real bad ass left among the top drivers. Everybody is individual, but he is *really* different from the rest. He has always

been real mean out on the track, and he keeps to himself all the time."

But Lee Roy was good and always had a future, and none other than the late Fireball Roberts thought so, too. In one of his last radio appearances before he was fatally burned in Charlotte in May 1964, Fireball said flatly that he reckoned Lee Roy Yarbrough was going to be the next great stock-car driver.

When Lee Roy finally slows down long enough to take a good look at his scrapbook he may well remember that things finally turned for him when he wheeled his 1968 Mercury Cyclone into victory lane last Sunday, the winner of the Dixie 500 at the Atlanta International Raceway. He was \$17,390 richer, boosting his season total to nearly \$75,000—close to what his lifetime earnings were going into this season.



*Mercury's cyclone, Lee Roy Yarbrough in car 88, wheels around ahead of the pack to capture the Dixie 500 in Atlanta and a \$17,390 payday.*



The Dixie 500, Atlanta's last race of the year, is always a hit special, mainly because it has proved so difficult to win. In the nine years the race has been run there have been nine different winners. There are a lot of reasons, but in essence it comes down to the track, an undulating 1½-mile oval filled with all sorts of waves and bumps that keep a car going sideways about as much as it goes forward. Then there is the heat when the green flag dropped Sunday, the track temperature was 141°—which causes the asphalt to "bleed," or spread oil in a thin, ice-slick coating. Finally, the straights at Atlanta are only a quarter-mile long, which means that a driver spends nearly all of his time entering, in the middle of or leaving a turn. It is not a pleasant way to spend a Sunday.

There was the usual quality field for the seventh NASCAR superspeedway race of the year, with one extra added attraction. The three drivers who have most recently gained their reputations as all-out chargers were starting in the first two rows, piston to piston, for the first time in their careers. On the pole was Buddy Baker, a youthful giant of a man. On the outside pole was NASCAR's leading money-winner this season and its most successful big-track driver, Cale Yarborough. On the outside of the second row sat Lee Roy.

Baker was the first to fall. This was not really surprising because, despite being the fastest qualifier, his whole week had been something of a disaster. First off, he bumped his head getting out of his car after a practice session, not difficult since he stands 6' 5". Then he couldn't get the car to handle properly and spent most of the week flailing away at the steering wheel as if it wasn't attached to anything, while his Dodge Charger sort of went its own way around the track. If that was not enough, the night before the race Baker dived into his hotel swimming pool—unfortunately the shallow end—and showed up on race day with a bruise over his right eye and a wicked bump on the back of his neck.

"Had anybody look at that?" he was asked.

"Nope," he grunted. "Not today. I'm afraid they might find something and keep me out of the race." Baker promptly outdragged Cale to the first turn, but lost the lead on the back-straight of the same lap and quickly fell back to sixth place. Then, on his first



Lee Roy knew when he saw the flag

pit stop, a crew member crossthreaded a lug nut while changing a tire, which cost him four laps. He eventually drove behind the wall and parked it. Just beyond the half-way mark Cale Yarborough pitted several times in quick order to replace a burned-out wheel bearing on his Mercury, thus falling far behind the pack. Then he whopped the guardrail in the No. 2 turn several laps later and he, too, retired.

Chrysler Corp., meanwhile, was taking its motorized shots at Lee Roy and failing everywhere. Charlie Glotzbach, in a Dodge, actually threatened to run away with the whole race in the early wheeling and only a succession of caution flags (there were 11 in all) kept the field closely bunched. But Glotzbach, who has not spent a lot of time on the superspeedways, was apparent in over-tenspering his car and, more importantly, his tires. It was hot going and the rubber was heating to temperatures somewhere beyond 270°. Glotzbach lost his right rear tire in the No. 4 turn, got it fixed, then just 11 laps later the right front chunked, sending pieces of rubber bouncing down the main straight and putting Glotzbach out of the race.

That left Richard Petty in a Plymouth and David Pearson in a Ford as the prime challengers.

You remember Richard Petty, tall, curly-headed, most successful stock-car driver of all time in 1967. He ran up a record 27 victories, three of them on major

tracks, and won \$130,275. But this year all of his 10 wins have been on the short tracks. So with 60 miles left, Petty, Pearson and Ford's Donnie Allison ran over debris practically on the same lap which chewed their tires up, and cost them time in the pits.

By then Lee Roy was home free. Still, one always wonders. After all, it was Lee Roy who was blinded when a foam fire extinguisher went off as his car during a practice session at Charlotte last year. He was nearly suffocated, the car careened into the wall and bounced back on the track in three separate and distinct pieces.

Then this year Lee Roy's first as a driver for car owner Junior Johnson—the circuit's No. 1 hellion in his own day—all sorts of untoward things happened. In fact, Lee Roy was quickly getting the reputation as "the other Yarborough—the one without the first O"—because he had finished second to Cale in three major races this year, twice under peculiar circumstances (his only victory of the year was at Trenton, N.J. four weeks ago when Cale took the week off).

In the Daytona 500 Lee Roy was leading with less than 20 laps to go when he suddenly pitted, for no apparent reason. There was one Junior's crew had flashed him a sign that read "P-1," which to Junior, meant that Lee Roy was in first place. Lee Roy had other ideas. He thought it meant to pit—in one lap, Cale won that race by one second. For the rest of the year Lee Roy has had the pit signals pasted handily to his dashboard.

Then at the Atlanta 500 Lee Roy was penalized one lap for jumping the pace car under the caution flag. Lee Roy and Junior claimed that Cale did it, too, and should also have been penalized. Cale wasn't—and also won that race.

But strangely enough, nothing like that happened in Sunday's last laps, and Lee Roy had his first major victory since 1966 and his first in the year he had been driving for Junior.

After the race Lee Roy held court with Junior Johnson and Chief Mechanic Herb Nab at his side, and the inevitable questions were asked. When did you think you had it won?

"When the checkered flag fell," he answered grimly.

It was a cornball answer to a cornball question, but then, considering Lee Roy, maybe it wasn't. **END**

# RUDE WELCOME BACK FOR PAUL

After an absence of five years, Paul Brown returned to pro football last week as coach of the new Cincinnati Bengals and in his first exhibition game discovered that it may be a very long season **by TEX MAULE**

It was not the best of beginnings for the Cincinnati Bengals of the AFL. Playing their first exhibition game—and their first game ever—the Bengals looked pretty much the way most new franchise teams look, ragged and outmanned, losing to the Kansas City Chiefs 38-14. In brief, it was not a game to remember. What made the occasion noteworthy, however, was the presence on the sidelines of the Cincinnati coach, a small, slim man wearing a neat business suit, a straw hat and a grim expression familiar to anyone who followed the great Cleveland Browns teams of the '50s and early '60s. After an absence of five years, Paul Brown was back in pro football.

Brown (see over) had not anticipated a miracle from his new team in its first game. "It was about what we expected," he said later. "We have no complaints." After Kansas City had marched for a touchdown in the first quarter, Cincinnati's Warren McVea made a good return of the ensuing kickoff, only to fumble. The Chiefs then ground out a second touchdown, thus consuming the rest of the first period. "That's the first time I can ever remember going a full quarter without the ball," Brown said after the game.

About the only moment of excitement for Bengal rooters among the 21,682 fans occurred in the second quarter when Defensive Back Sol Brannan scooped up a Kansas City fumble, hurdled one tackler, shook off another and went 75 yards for a touchdown to make the score a respectable 14-7. But after that it was all downhill. "I knew it had to be," said Brown, "but I was thinking all the time it might not be so bad."

Brown is part owner, coach, general manager and the absolute boss of the Bengals. The years he was away from football were years in purgatory, and he looks forward to coaching with all the enthusiasm he had when he began at Severn Prep, 38 years ago. And he is the same Paul Brown. Bengal practices have been indistinguishable in routine and atmosphere from the old Cleveland practices, only the names of the players and their skills have been changed. Brown is a master organizer, with each minute of each practice planned and timed. The fact that the Bengals, new and untired, cannot assimilate his instructions as quickly nor execute them as adroitly as the veteran Brown teams he once coached, does not disturb him. He feeds them football knowledge in smaller doses and then patiently goes over and over assignments with them.

"Patience with this club is an easy virtue," Brown was saying just a few days before the game with Kansas City. "There is no fierce pressure on you to win."

The coach, at 59, looks much the same as he did 10 years ago. He weighs 160, a weight he has kept for 30 years, and his face, tanned evenly, is unlined. When you first look at him, you are surprised by his eyes. They are big, almost luminous, and candidly direct. He looks like a forceful man. He is exactly that.

Psychologically, as well as physically, Brown seems unchanged. When he first assembled the college draftees and veteran rejects from other AFL clubs who make up his expansion team he made the same speech he used to make to the Cleveland Browns before each season,

and, as usual, he invited the local press to sit in.

It is not a long speech, but it is notably direct. Brown tells the players what he expects of them, on and off the field, what sacrifices they will have to make to win and what penalties they may expect if they transgress his rules. The rules are reasonable and strict.

"The other day a writer came to camp to see me," Brown said. "He was from the East and I did not know him very well, but I could sense immediately what he was after. He had come to do a story on the 'new' Paul Brown. After a while I think he went away disappointed. There is no new Paul Brown. I see no reason why there should be. I think my record stands up well enough."

"You know, when my wife Katy and I were in La Jolla," he continued, "I was reading the paper one morning after George Allen had won eight games and lost six in his first season as head coach of the Los Angeles Rams. The papers were full of praise, and they hailed him as a miracle man. He is a fine coach, a really good one, but I pointed out to my wife the irony of the situation: for almost exactly the same record in 1962 (7-6-1) I lost a job in Cleveland and nearly had to sneak out of town. I suppose it's all in what people are used to."

At Cleveland, of course, the people had been used to almost unbroken success. During his four years in the old All-America Conference and 13 seasons in the NFL, Brown's teams won 167 games,

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**GRIM FACED** Brown found nothing to shout about during game, unlike Assistant Tom Bass.





lost 53 and tied nine. In 11 of his 17 pro seasons, Brown's clubs played for a championship. They won seven.

The break in Cleveland came after a strong clash of personalities between Brown and Arthur Modell, the new owner. A small coterie of Cleveland Browns players, headed by All-Pro Fullback Jim Brown, indicated to Modell that they would not play another season under Paul Brown. Their reasons were rather vague: some accused Brown of having let modern pro football pass him by, others said he was cold and distant. In any case, Brown was out as coach.

The end of his connection with Cleveland came after the 1962 season; he never saw his old team play again until last year. Brown was in Canton, Ohio, being inducted into the Professional Football Hall of Fame, and the Browns were playing the traditional game for the ceremony. He could not very well avoid seeing them then.

"Katy and I did all the things we have always wanted to do," Brown says of the intervening years. "We traveled. We played golf, bridge and gun rummy. The people in La Jolla were friendly. Sometimes during the season I'd go up to Los Angeles to see the Rams play, especially if they were playing a club I was interested in, like the Packers."

During his enforced vacation from football, Brown did not suffer for money. He still owned some 10% of the Browns and drew his salary on a long-term contract estimated at \$80,000 a year. Actually, he was still working for the Browns; each year he would submit a list of players he recommended for the draft and, often as not, his suggestions were accepted.

He and Katy took trips to Europe, South America and the Orient. Brown, always a competent golfer, brought his scores down to the high 70s. "But after a while," he said, "it began to seem pointless." And after that, his whole life began to seem pointless.

"It was terrible," he said. "I had everything a man can want: leisure, enough money, a wonderful family. Yet, with all that, I was eating my heart out."

Brown seemed a lost man. At a Packer-Ram game a few years ago he came

down from his seat in the stands and called to Vince Lombardi and a writer who were on the field before the game. He talked to them briefly, and then Lombardi had to leave to complete pregame preparations for his club. And the writer, seeing the hunger in Brown's eyes as he watched the players warm up, said, "Is it that bad?"

Brown is not an openly emotional man but for a moment his eyes were wet, and then he nodded. "I can't tell you how bad it is," he said. "I can't tell you."

Brown shook his head at the recollection. "I suppose if I had known that I would be sitting at this desk today, back in football, I might have enjoyed it. But I didn't know that. I still felt I had much to contribute, and for a long time it seemed as if I wasn't going to have the opportunity to do it. In one way, I guess, we were lucky, Katy and I. While we were still young enough to take advantage of the opportunity, we were given time and money enough to do everything we wanted to do. And I suffered through it for five years."

During that time, Brown had several offers to return to the NFL as a coach, but he turned them down. Almost every time a coaching vacancy occurred, Brown was mentioned as a possible replacement. Often, he had actually been approached.

"I couldn't go back unless I was in complete charge," he said, spreading his hands as if appealing for understanding. "I had had it both ways—when the Browns started—and for a long time after, I was in complete charge. The players knew that I was the only man they could appeal to. There was no one over my head that they could see. And that is the way it must be. If it is done any other way, in time you will see the whole structure begin to crumble, and all at once a good team will begin to slide. It is inevitable. The history of all successful teams shows authority concentrated in the coach."

Brown, of course, has all the authority he deems necessary with the Bengals. Although he does not own a majority of the stock, he, in effect, votes a majority.

"The players can't go beyond me," he says. "That's the way it should be."

With the Bengals—as with the Browns—the coach will devote all his time to football once the season starts. He will

not lay a hand on a golf club or a dry martini from now until after the Bengals play their last season game. Judging from the way last Saturday's exhibition game went, a martini may tempt him grievously before this season is over.

Brown was not generously stocked by the other owners in the AFL. He does not complain, since he knows very well the facts of life in professional football, he knows well, also, that this will probably be the second losing season in his 17 years of pro coaching.

While he was sequestered in La Jolla, three new football teams were born—in New Orleans, Atlanta and Miami. The Saints, youngest of the trio, trained in San Diego last year, virtually in Brown's backyard, and he spent every afternoon he could watching their labor pains. By the time the Saints began working out in San Diego, he was almost certain that he would be back in pro football under terms he could live with.

"In the summer of 1965, Bill Hackett came to visit me," Brown said. Bill Hackett is Dr. William Hackett of London, Ohio, who played for Brown on the 1943 Ohio State football team. He is now on the board of directors of the Bengals. Brown's son Mike had made a study of the area around Cincinnati and had decided that it was, considering the concentration of population, potentially a much more attractive site for a new club than almost any other location in the country. "Bill and I talked it over and the next day he called me," Brown said. "He said he could not sleep thinking about the possibility of a pro club in Cincinnati. We decided then to see if we could get it off the ground."

With Brown's name as lure, it was not difficult to find backers. During the next two years, with his usual meticulous care, Brown screened possible assistant coaches, training sites, administrative assistants and even publicity directors. His Bengal staff represents the result of this careful selection.

The staff put together extensive offensive and defensive play books in preparing for the season, but the books were severely curtailed soon after camp opened. "We had a meeting and I said, 'Let's call time out,'" Brown said, and laughed. "We weren't coaching the Cleveland Browns with maybe two rookies a year breaking in. This was a team of rookies."

The Bengals are, indeed, a young club.

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**MOMENT OF GLORY** came for Bengals as Sol Brunson (32) scooped up fumble and scored, but most of the time Cincinnati and its starting quarterback John Stofa (35) were under fire.

Brown, unlike Tom Fears of the New Orleans Saints, did not opt for veterans, hoping for early success. Whenever there was a choice among the players made available to the Bengals by the other clubs in the expansion draft, he went for youth.

"The Saints wound up with veterans in 18 out of the 22 starting positions," he said. "They traded away draft choices for players like Jim Taylor, and they worked hard early. Tom Fears is a fine coach, and he did a remarkable job winning five exhibition games with a new club, but we're going to take it easier. We know this is a long haul, but we have time."

But Brown did trade two draft choices to the Miami Dolphins for quarterback John Stofa. Stofa, before he was injured last year, had shown himself capable of handling a No. 1 quarterback's job. "You have to have the quarterback," Brown explained. "And then you have to have a top center." His first college draft choice was Bob Johnson. A 6' 5", 250-pound center from Tennessee, who meets all of Brown's demands, Johnson was an All-America, an exceptionally fine student, a leader and a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Then Brown brought 125 athletes to Wilmington—and in the first 10 days weeded out 50. Unlike Fears, who had his hopefuls knocking heads on their second day in training camp, Brown did not scrimmage his team until after the 50 were gone.

"We tested them on the four things you can determine absolutely by testing," he explained. "Intelligence, pure speed, agility and ability to learn football. Those things, plus size, you can determine without scrimmage. We put all the players through our tests. The ones who were lacking were sent home. There is no point in scrimmaging a boy you know is not going to make your team. There is no need to bruise him and no need for you to waste time on him. I would rather concentrate my time on the players who will be with me during the season."

The players in camp are learning slowly and thoroughly, as did the old Browns. He gives the squad only two new plays a day—a running play in the morning, a passing play in the afternoon. "One school of thought is give them as many plays as you can as quickly as you can, then polish them," Brown says. "I'd

rather go slow, make sure they can execute each play, then polish."

He started his training camp a week later than Fears did with the Saints. He had consulted Fears and talked on the phone to North Becker, who coaches Atlanta, in trying to work out a schedule for his expansion team.

"Tom told me he thought he had started a week too early," Brown explained. "By the time the season was half over the players and coaches couldn't stand to look at each other."

The Bengals' daily routine is the same as the old Brown routine at Cleveland. Brown probably works his players less physically than any other coach in the business. He is the only man in pro football who gives his players Monday and Tuesday off after a Sunday game. "I'll do it with the Bengals, too," he said. "I want them fresh and alert." By the same token, he works his players mentally more than most coaches do, giving them written tests on assignments.

Sherrill Headrick, 31-year-old middle linebacker who came to the Bengals from the Kansas City Chiefs, finds the Brown regime a welcome one. "It's much better organized here," he said, resting on the sideline after a scrimmage. His face was streaming sweat and he thirstily gulped a lime drink. "I don't want to seem to be knocking the Chiefs, because they were good to me. But here you know just what you're going to do all the time, and I like that. There's no wasted motion."

He mopped his face with a towel and looked out on the field. "With the Chiefs, it was bang, bang, bang, right from the start," he said. "My legs would give out from under me. Here we don't go that hard. At Kansas City last year we won our first four exhibitions and ran out of gas before the season ended. Here we're getting ready for the ones that count."

Stofa, after the scrimmage had ended, was a happy young man. He is dark, tall and rangy, and he had passed well and stood up coolly under the blitzes the defense had thrown at him. On the last play of the scrimmage he had handed off to Tom Smiley, a big fullback from Lamar Tech, and the 235-pound Smiley had rumbled 40 yards for a touchdown. Stofa beamed and called out to Brown.

"If I had known you wanted to quit on a touchdown I'd have called it soon-

er," he said, grinning. "That was good today. Real good. The fellows didn't make any big mistakes out there and the offensive line was good. I sure felt fine."

Dewey Warren, the rookie quarterback from Tennessee, had looked good, too. He is a sturdy young man, not tall (6 feet) for a quarterback, but husky and courageous.

"He looks them in the eye," Paul Brown said later, relaxing with an orange drink in his conference room. "The players look for that. That's the first thing they notice."

Brown called the scrimmage to a halt after the touchdown. "They had gone about an hour," he said. "They ran about 45 plays. I wanted the offense to get a feeling of accomplishment. That's why we went over every play so carefully in the huddle."

Brown had called the plays and had moves taken of the scrimmage. He called the plays quietly, with the young faces around him intent and listening, then reminded key players what their assignments were. Once he told Smiley, "Look at the linebacker, Tom. Even before you saw, look to see if he's coming. You have to pick him up."

Smiley looked for the linebacker on the play, saw him coming and stood him straight up with a shattering block. He came back to the huddle with a broad grin splitting his face.

"Now, all of this is new to him," Brown explained, sipping his drink. "He didn't have to worry about blitzing linebackers in college. He got as big a kick out of picking up that linebacker as he did from the touchdown." He finished his orange drink and stretched.

"We're all teachers," he said. He held up a thick black notebook. "You have to be. When I came back I got a message from Luke Johnson, one of the Chicago Bears' assistant coaches. He told a friend of mine, 'You tell Paul the offenses haven't changed much. His problem will be defense.' Well, he was right. The defenses are much more sophisticated—as that the word?—complex, complicated. Whatever you want to call it. This is our defensive book and it's almost as thick as the offensive book. And we've got a bunch of kids from all different systems, using different terminologies and numbering systems being taught by coaches from different systems. It creates some interesting problems."

Brown grinned and did not look at all dismayed by the problems.

"You know they used to ride me for sending in plays," he said. "I remember one year, we experimented with a mike in the quarterback's helmet so we could communicate with him. It didn't work. So we quit it after a couple of games. Then we went into New York and lost to the Giants, and all the writers had stories about how the Giants were intercepting our wave length. And we didn't even use the mikes."

"I'll still send in plays," he said. "The quarterback always has the right to change them. Otto Graham used to complain about my sending him plays hat, now that he's a coach, he understands. And with defenses as well hidden as they are now, audibles are practically useless, anyway. Even a quarterback like Johnny Unitas says so. So I'll send in plays. I haven't changed."

He put on the black baseball cap with an orange CB on the front, feeling his head as he did.

"Maybe not as much hair," he said. "That's about all. As I said, I feel like I haven't been away. I came back because this is my life, this is what gives me pleasure. I wouldn't have come back if it wasn't fun. I'm going to have fun. I like this. You can see how interesting and stimulating it is. The problems. It keeps you alive."

Brown looked around the small rooms and drew a deep breath as if he were smelling the perfume of football life. "Once, during the five years when we were traveling everywhere, Katy and I were taking off from Hong Kong," he said, reflectively. "Just as we got up, Katy looked out the window and said, 'We're on fire!' The whole wing was burning, and it looked pretty bad. Some of the passengers put on their life vests and inflated them, because we were over water. And Katy and I decided what we would do and got ready to say goodbye. The captain came on the intercom and said he was going to bank to keep the burning wing high so the flames would keep away from the fuselage. It was pretty tense for a long time, until he finally put it back down on the runway and we got out."

Brown looked out at the peaceful campus cooling off under a setting sun. "I said to myself, 'Old Paul, it looks like you're going to get another chance,'" he said. "And I am."

END



AS HE DID AT CLEVELAND, BROWN WILL STRESS THE MENTAL ASPECTS OF THE GAME

## BLUEFINS IN A CANYON

In Newfoundland's Conception Bay tuna are caught close by rugged headlands that rise to a height of 800 feet **by DUNCAN BARNES**



TORREY HENRY SMILES IN VICTORY AS HE WATCHES A TUNA BEING HAULED ABOARD

For more years than the provincial tourist office cares to count, Newfoundland, which is billed (with Labrador) as Canada's "Happy Province," has been known to mainlanders, if indeed they knew of it at all, as a desolate, fogbound island somewhere in the North Atlantic—a place that too often crops up in jokes ("That's like being banished to Newfoundland"), a place where fishermen catch Atlantic salmon and eat fried cod tongues, provided they can figure out how to get there.

The provincial government would like to set things straight. First of all, one doesn't have to row to Newfoundland; commercial flights arrive there every day. Second, the capital city of St. John's,

hard on the island's northeast coast, has 100,000 residents and proudly calls itself "Old Mother Hubbard in a mod world monkart." And as for visiting fishermen, Newfoundland has something else to offer besides salmon and cod tongues. In fact, the long, deep fjords that cut into the rocky coast just may be the greatest giant bluefin tuna fishing holes in the world, and all but one of them, Conception Bay, still remain virtually unfished.

Some 60 miles offshore in the Atlantic Ocean, on the eastern edge of the Grand Banks, the icy waters of the Labrador Current mingle with the warm, rich waters of the Gulf Stream. Every summer schools of hungry bluefins that

have migrated up the Atlantic Coast from their spawning grounds in tropical waters move inshore from this confluence to gorge on squid, herring and mackerel. The first fish are caught sometime in early July, but the great glut of tuna usually appears in late July or early August. Although the first rod-and-reel bluefin in Newfoundland was taken back in 1938, the sports fishery has only been flourishing since 1961. Today some 28 charter boats, most of them slow-but-seaworthy 38-foot Cape Islanders built in Nova Scotia, set out from Long Pond, Manuels and Holyrood to troll mullet baits, flown in from Florida, or daisy chains of squid around hotspots like Portugal Cove, Ore Head and Harbour



Grace Islands. If the giant bluefin—fish in the 400-to-800-pound class—are showing, busting on the surface or pushing just under it, the boats cut and wheel like slalom skiers as they try to get the baits in front of the fish. When the bluefins are feeding deep, gulls, terns and fulmars give them away by diving down to snatch up bits of squid, capelin and herring that float to the surface. More often the tuna will strike blind, momentarily catching captain, mate and angler by surprise. On rough days, when the heavy tuna boats punch and roll, a hook-up means that the angler must not only gauge the action of the fish but the heaving seas, as well.

The sport in Conception Bay is unique in many ways. The scenery is magnificent. Quaint fishing villages, with stark frame houses built four-square to the prevailing sea breezes, are scattered along the coast. Except for the seabirds and the pounding surf, the rocky headlands that rise 800 feet straight out of the bay give one the impression of being in the bottom of a canyon. The drop-off is so sudden and sharp that tuna are frequently hooked within 50 feet of shore in 30 fathoms of water. The hazards normally associated with bluefin fishing—barracuda and sharks in the Bahamas, rockweed and eelgrass that foul baits in Wedgeport, N.S.—do not exist in Newfoundland. There are 1,000-pound giant squid, ocean sunfish and schools of bullhead whales to make things interesting, but when something strikes a trolled bait in Conception Bay it is either a tuna or a cod net. Despite many ichthyological studies, the tuna's migratory pattern, like that of most great pelagic fishes, remains a mystery. None of the nearly 700 bluefins marked with stainless-steel or plastic tags and released by anglers in the Bahamas has yet been recovered in North American waters. Oddly, several tuna tagged in the Bahamas have been recaptured off Norway's west coast, and others tagged between Maryland and Cape Cod have turned up in nets in the Bay of Biscay, but most scientists believe these fish simply did not turn inshore from the Gulf Stream until they suddenly found themselves in European waters.

Few game fish are as powerful as the bluefin tuna, and few swim with less ef-

fort. To permit a constant flow of oxygenated waters over its gills, a tuna swims with its mouth open. But its torpedo shape, retractable first dorsal fin and pectoral fins (they fit into grooves and thus reduce drag in the water) and thick, propellerlike tails make it easy to believe that the giant bluefin can attain speeds up to 45 miles an hour for a 10-to-20-second sprint.

For years tuna fishermen have congregated in the Bahamas and in Nova Scotia. The annual run in the Bahamas is probably the most predictable of all, but the cost—roughly \$250 a day to charter a fast boat with a three-man crew and the best tackle—is out of sight for most sportsmen. A tuna boat in Wedgeport or Cape St. Mary's, N.S. costs \$75 a day, but the thousands of tuna sighted in these waters during the past few years seem to have been on a diet—at least they no longer strike at daisy chains of herring (five or six herring with the hook in the last bait) as they did 20 years ago. Which leaves Newfoundland. The bluefins are there; they do strike often enough to make a trip there in August a good gamble for American anglers and, at \$85 a day for a charter boat equipped with tackle, the price is a bargain.

Fishermen have been chasing bluefins in Newfoundland waters since 1900, when Edward Dyke of Eastport first harpooned them for fun in Bonavista Bay and gave the rich, oily meat to friends. A few natives hooked and quickly lost tuna on cane rods and wooden reels in the interim, but it wasn't until just before World War II that Lee Wulff, the fishing writer and photographer, boated the first rod-and-reel bluefin—a 470-pounder—in Bonne Bay on the island's west coast. In 1956 Oliver L. Vardy, Newfoundland's tourism-development officer, decided to exploit the possibility of a sports fishery. Two Cape Island boats and four Wedgeport guides were imported from Nova Scotia. In the meantime William K. Carpenter, the duPont heir and alltime bluefin-catching champion (more than 600 giants in 17 years) arrived in Conception Bay with his own Nova Scotia boat, the *Moose Pie*, a crew of three fishing captains from Florida and A. M. Whisman of New

York, a former captain of the U.S. Tuna Team. Carpenter and crew had trolled the bay for 21 days the previous summer without even seeing a tuna. This time they were more successful. Whisman boated a 620-pounder on September 4, beating out a government boat, which caught its first tuna a half hour later. Since then some 25 local cod and lobster fishermen have turned to guiding tuna anglers, but few have equaled Carpenter's record of more than 100 bluefins on the bay since 1956.

Admittedly, serious tuna fishing is very much a team effort, and experienced big-game anglers, like Carpenter, who have the time and the money to fish faraway places with their own efficient crews and the finest tackle have a definite advantage. Consider the summer of 1966, the best tuna year ever in Conception Bay. The usual gluts of bait was not present that summer, and the tuna were working overtime to fill their bellies. The result was that between July 11 and September 26, 24 boats, eight of them (including Carpenter's) fishing only part time, caught 388 bluefins ranging in weight from 336 to 725 pounds, and played and lost some 454 more. During the peak of the 1966 season—the last two weeks in July—Carpenter brought 36 bluefins to the boat and let his crew catch 14 more for a phenomenal total of 50 tuna in five days. Even in the Bahamas during the peak of the spring season, 40 fish in a month or six weeks of fishing is considered exceptional for one boat. Bill Statos of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., one of Carpenter's skippers, still hasn't gotten over the whole thing.

"We'd be baiting one school," Statos says, "and we'd have maybe 12 other schools spotted at the same time. The fish were busting through squid and capelin on the surface. Twelve strikes a day was nothing. Those fish were just leaving for home with anything we dragged behind the boat. One day we had 18 strikes, brought six fish to the boat, ran out of mullet baits and still managed to catch six more fish on Japanese feather jigs. There was one day when Carpenter was fighting a fish off Cape St. Francis at the mouth of the bay. Suddenly we heard something that sounded like, well, like an express train. We turned and

continued

there was a huge school of busters—maybe 300 or 400 tuna. They were ripping so ferociously through the bait that they were actually *roaring*."

It should not be inferred that the local boats did not catch their share of tuna during those five days in 1966. They did and they still do, and much of what they have learned about making up baits, instructing inexperienced anglers in how to fight tuna and land them, came from the Florida captains and mates brought to the bay by Carpenter and other American big-game anglers. Most Newfoundland boats today are equipped with adequate fighting chairs, tuna towers and Citizen Band radios. Their weighted mullet baits that are trolled just under the surface are flown in by A. Ewart Hildard, a St. John's businessman and the leading local angler (114 tuna in five years).

The chartermen keep accurate data—wind direction, position, sea and weather conditions, etc.—on every bluefin hooked, and pass it on to the tourist office. Until this year they killed almost all the tuna that were caught. A fish-processing plant paid them \$15 per fish (the tuna were frozen whole and shipped to Europe), and there was keen competition between boats for the Kwanas Tuna Trophy, awarded annually to the angler with the heaviest bluefin. Since only a few fish were tagged and released and scientific studies on the fish killed had been sporadic, at best, it was an incredible waste.

In 1966 Newfoundland Premier Joseph R. Smallwood offered a \$1,000 reward for the first bluefin of 1,000 pounds or more caught on rod and reel. Although there is every reason to believe that such a monster will some day be gaffed in Conception Bay (Deputy Minister of Economic Development Oliver Vardy holds the present Newfoundland record of 871 pounds), it just might not be a legal world's record. Some local chartermen like to tow hooked fish into the shallows, where they can be played out and gaffed more quickly. This technique, known as beaching, automatically disqualifies potential records under International Game Fish Association rules. It can also be a dangerous technique. During a beaching attempt several years ago, Captain Elie Pothier rammed his boat into a rock and tore a gaping hole in the hull. Fortunately, Pothier, with the

help of other chartermen who came to his rescue, was able to keep his boat afloat with an emergency patching job. In the meantime his angler had to jump ashore and play his fish. Astonishingly he managed to bring it to gaff.

Obviously none of this has affected the growing popularity of tuna fishing in Conception Bay. Visiting anglers can now tag and release all their fish without having to compensate the crews for the price that they used to get on the dock which was very expensive on a hot fishing day. Furthermore, the angler can insist that the captain not beach the boat at any time. Once these details are worked out, the angler can settle down to fishing and, as Elwood K. Harry, a retired businessman from Pompano Beach, Fla. discovered last summer, these tuna are a different breed of cat. Harry has caught over 400 giant bluefins, most of them in the Bahamas, but he was intrigued with Conception Bay fishing. "In the Bahamas," Harry says, "you hunt for schools of tuna and put the bait out only when you find the fish. If the angler and the skipper have worked together long enough, they can bring a big fish to the boat in a surprisingly short time. Yet even against a reel drag of 60 pounds or more and the continuous pressure exerted by the rod, any bluefin can, if he feels like it, simply turn on the power and dive straight down, screaming off 400 yards of 130-pound test line. Then he usually dogs it, and the angler has to pump him all the way up again. What makes these Newfoundland fish so exciting to catch is that they rarely sound but instead make most of their sizzling runs near the surface [One theory is that the water temperature from 25 fathoms on down in the bay remains too cold for the bluefin]."

Torrey Hemby, a trucking executive from Charlotte, N.C., and Harry spent six days last summer fishing aboard Hildard's *Lawrence*. The action was a bit slow (the bulk of the fish showed up in the second week of August, a few days after they went home), especially for Hemby, who in four previous week-long trips had caught 53 tuna in the bay. It seemed just as slow to Captain Bill Staros and Mate Chuck Cichowski, who run Hemby's yacht *Windong* out of Fort Lauderdale the rest of the year. But Harry and Hemby did manage to

catch five tuna, and the last one was particularly memorable. After six frustrating hours of dragging a mullet in the *Lawrence's* wake, Staros reluctantly switched to a squid daisy chain and trolled slowly along the shore off Ore Head. Suddenly six big tuna appeared in the boat's wake and began rolling over and around the squid, but not striking.

"Jig it," Staros yelled. Elwood Harry jerked the bait in toward the stern, making the squid dance on the surface. The tuna rushed the bait, trying to shoulder each other out of the way. After perhaps 10 agonizing seconds, Staros clenched his fist and shouted: "Got on it one time, you big dogs." That did it. One big dog finally pushed his way ahead of the pack and, with cavernous mouth open wide and gill plates flared, he inhaled the last squid.

The battle that followed was brief and anticlimactic. While Staros chased the fish, turning frequently to keep it from swimming under the boat, Harry kept the pressure on, using his rod tip and his legs and back to absorb the strain. It was all over in less than 10 minutes, but Harry was as elated as if it had been his first bluefin. "Tuna don't jump and they don't tail walk on the surface," he said, "but there is no game fish anywhere that can pull like they can. For my money they are the greatest fish of all, and Conception Bay is one of the most beautiful places in the world to catch them."

Unless commercial fishing for bluefins by U.S. seiners, Japanese longliners and Russian trawlers gets completely out of hand, and allowing for all the other variables—weather, water temperature and adequate bait to attract the big tuna—Conception Bay should continue to provide plenty of action for fishermen. And if a successful day on the bay does not tire them out, visiting anglers can whoop it up at Bell's, a waterfront bar that is the favorite hangout of commercial fishermen from all over the world whose ships move in and out of St. John's Harbour. Dressed in knee-high rubber boots and exuding the not-so-fragrant odor of fish, Russians, Portuguese, Spaniards and Norwegians dance the lancers and the reel and guzzle beer and rum. Fights break out frequently, so one would be smart to follow the taxi driver's advice:

"Bell's? Right. You got your helmet with you?"

END

## 1769: Gordon's Gin

The fad was more "Fop" than "Mod" when Londoner Alexander Gordon developed his fabulous gin recipe. But the thing for gin to be then was the same thing gin should be now. Dry! Gordon's is so dry it's known as the "martini gin" to many a pernickety martini-ite. Biggest seller in England, America, the world.

## 1968: Gordon's 'Cranaby St.'

Psychedelic in color. Light, sassy, delicious in taste. A tall, lanky drink that's tart and tingling. Start with a tall, slim glass. Add ice and the juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  a lemon. Pour in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz. of Glorious Gordon's Gin and 3 oz. of cranberry juice. Add two drops of bitters and a splash of soda water. Stir.



# What will the English think of next?

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## Soft Skins for Cyclists

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The leather garments worn here and on the next pages by test drivers from Harley-Davidson's Milwaukee plant are as far removed from the board-stiff men's leathers of the past as these 1969 bikes are from a 66-horse Harley. Antiqued, buffed and oiled, the supple new leathers can be tailored into the slacks and close-fitting jackets that are revving up as this fall's favorite gear.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER ROSS JR.



# The Skins and Where To Buy Them



Harley-Davidson Test Drivers Dave Glaesner and Ken Edwards check out the 1969 bikes that will be released this month. The vivid colors—sparkling burgundy and jet fire orange—are a new to Harley as the well-tanned leather clothing the men are wearing is to fall sportswear.

The buttery softness of the kid, lamb and calf leather clothes on these pages is achieved through a double-tanning process in which the animal fats are removed and softening agents are added to the skins. The hides are then colored with clear aniline dyes that leave grain, grain marks and scars visible. Most leather used in menswear formerly was dyed with thick, opaque pigments and the clothing looked heavy and stiff. Today's lighter, brighter version is as mellow as saddle leather. This fall it is available in the United States in a wide range of men's garments styled to commute from town to country—as are the versatile new machines being tested in these photographs at Harley-Davidson's Milwaukee plant.

On the opening page of this story Clyde Denzer races a Harley Sprint in Western-cut leather slacks by Head Ski & Sports Wear (\$120, Abercrombie & Fitch, New York). His Jantzen turtle-neck is in this fall's bold new striping (\$17, John Wanamaker, Philadelphia). On the second page Clyde wears a close-fitting, diagonal-zip jacket. It is by Peter's Sportswear (\$75, Karoll's, Chicago). On these pages (left to right) Dave Glaesner prepares for a ride on Harley's Sportster CH in a double-breasted belted coachman's coat imported from England (\$200, Brown Teller, New York). Ken Edwards checks 1969 Harleys in Cortiel's Spanish trench coat (\$180, Reynolds Penland, Dallas). Dave's single-breasted topcoat is by Bert Puley (\$165, Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Washington). Astride Harley's M65 Sport, Ken wears a Nehru jacket in green leather, also by Bert Puley (\$140, I. Magnin, all stores). In contrast to the smooth leather are the wide-wale corduroy slacks by Jaymar-Ruby and bold-patterned slacks by Meyer. The high boots by Renegades are as supple as the clothes.

By Linda

## **THE TWO-MAN UNION THAT FAILED**





Football's most thoughtful tackle, Ron Mix of San Diego, recalls his own bargaining adventure and offers some good tips to his fellow pros

by RON MIX

The labor conflict between professional football players and management, which is destined to become a continuing affair despite periodic settlement, reminds me of the year Frank Buncom and I walked out of training camp because of a contractual dispute with the San Diego Chargers. The year was 1965 and Frank and I had a good plan.

Simple. Ingenious. For a week prior to the inception of the plan, Frank had wanted to walk out of training camp because he had reached an impasse during his contract negotiations with Coach Sid Gillman. An impasse is when Coach Gillman informs you that he has made his final offer and if you don't like it you can play out your option or seek another form of employment. Hardly an attractive list of alternatives. When Coach Gillman and I reached a similar impasse, Frank and I began to see more of each other, and soon the plan was formed. It was designed to conclude negotiations, hopefully by arm's-length discussion. If that didn't work, Frank and I were prepared to use the drama of walking out of camp, but we wished to do so without incurring a fine upon our return.

We had ourselves covered beautifully. It went like this: we would approach Coach Gillman together, informing him that although we had not banded together to negotiate a joint contract we had reached similar conclusions about our careers as professional football players, said conclusion being that we had not attained the contract level we had hoped for at this particular time in our careers, and, if it became apparent that our progress would be hampered, we would have to retire to try another field. Retire. Now, that was the key word. A player can be fined for walking out of camp, but how can a player be fined for retiring? He can't. Thus, if neces-

continued



sary, we could pull off our power play with impunity. However, we would assure Coach Gullman that we did not wish to retire, that we really wished to sign our contracts, and, to show our good faith, we had individually reappraised our positions and would each sign for an amount less than that we had previously sought. Gentlemen, Class. We had it. Well, almost. Frank is one of the kindest, most personable men of my acquaintance, a man with whom I would truly choose to walk through life, but he simply was not cut out for all that plotting.

You see, Frank is committed to a set of principles, and he doesn't adjust them to conform to a trying situation. He has emulated the great Cyrano de Bergerac, his favorite literary character, to such an extent that he enjoys the lightness of interjecting him in everyday conversation. For instance, if one asked Frank what he had for dinner he was likely to say, "a grape . . . a glass of water and half a macaroni." And please don't ask him why he doesn't yield in his contract demands lest you find yourself on the receiving end of Cyrano's famous "No thank you" speech.

More and more, Frank did not like the part where we walk out, though he had originally suggested it. He had not entirely made up his mind that he would be resolute in his retirement threat if our terms were not met, so our plan had a touch of dishonesty which he did not like. And, that existing, he did not think he could be very convincing. I assured him that our line of argument was so reasonable that Sid would reach an agreement with us and we would never come to the part where we walk out.

"Okay, then, you do the talking," Frank said.

So, we went into Sid's office. It turned out to be a debacle. Later, we had a good time trying to figure out where we went wrong. Frank decided that I had botched things up by being too nervous. He said that I was selling so close to him that he had to step away for fear that I would slip my hand into his. Anyway, it did not go well.

"Coach," I said, "we . . ."

"We, what do you mean we? I don't deal with 'we's.' Nobody is going to gang up on this club, you either negotiate individually or not at all."

"No, coach," I said, "we aren't negotiating together—we simply have come

to some common conclusions and

But Sid would not be headed, and red-faced, pointing his pipe, he continued "This organization deals fairly with each player, and we won't tolerate any of these holdup tactics. We don't throw any curves in this organization and we don't expect to have any thrown at us. I negotiate with individuals, not groups."

"Coach, we . . ."

"I will not talk to you."

"Well, in that case," I said, "we don't have any other choice but to retire."

And out of the corner of my eye I saw Frank do a slow die. This was not supposed to have happened.

"That decision is up to you."

Outside, Frank and I looked at each other and laughed. It was done. Frank made a circle with his thumb and forefinger and gestured at me as he said, "Good plan, Ron."

"Uh, uh, I'm absolved," I said. "It was your plan. And thanks for the help. You were a real eagle in there."

"I was about to jump in and slaughter Sid with reason, but you were doing so well. Ugh. Are you kidding? I think if we had stayed another minute you would have thrown your arms around Sid and condemned me."

On the second day of our retirement Frank visited my wife and myself and informed us that he had decided to return to camp and reopen negotiations. He spent the night at our apartment and had already left by the time we awoke the next morning. The story goes that at 5 a.m. Coach Gullman was awakened by a light tapping at his door, it was Frank knocking on Sid's door with a pen. Still, Frank ended up with a good contract and would never really have to grow fond of an occasional dinner of "a grape . . . a glass of water and half a macaroni." But, I still don't think he was cut out for all that plotting. For that matter, neither was my wife Pat. On the day of Frank's visit a newspaper called my apartment for a statement. Pat, explaining my absence, told the man that Frank and I were working out, thus somewhat shaking the credibility of our retirement.

Now, I relate this isolated incident to the mass football-labor movement because I believe that the same emotional drive that inspired Frank and me to walk out motivates the mass of football players to have a propensity, a desire, to strike. We are physical people. We get

results by physical expression, and it is of general truth that other forms of expression are not likely to be as satisfying. In other words, an act must be performed to show our disdain.

In later conversations Frank and I confided in each other that each was hoping that an agreement would not be reached with Coach Gullman at that time. There it was, we wanted to walk out of camp. We wanted that brief glowing satisfaction that comes with telling the dictating powers that you are fed up, that you don't need them, that you are tired of compromising, that they can keep their little football. Rhetoric is so much nonsense. One's sincerity is judged by one's acts. Hit 'em walk out, strike. And, I ord, it feels good.

I would guess that many football players are motivated in a similar fashion, perhaps even John Gordy and the other leaders of the NFL Players' Association. The motive: a need for revenge.

The average fan and the majority of sportswriters are unsympathetic. Revenge for what? At first glance, the published figures of salary averages and pension benefits are impressive. But to be unsympathetic is to be unaware of the history of unions. Unions are an outgrowth of industry's failure to police itself, to deal fairly with its employees. And unions have always had to fight for their existence. The history of unions in professional football has followed the same pattern. The football union is an outgrowth of no pensions, \$5,000 salaries, men risking greatly, giving so much of themselves and leaving with so little.

The professional football player has become convinced that he deserves to share in the profits of an industry in which he is the movable part that wears out, that it is fair to attempt to translate the pain of a broken bone, of exhaustion, into money. There should not be any ceiling placed on player benefits as the industry prospers, the players should prosper in kind.

During the off season I had an operation on each shoulder to repair football injuries. Kenny Graham, a Charger defensive back, was in the hospital at the same time recovering from an operation to correct a chronically dislocating shoulder.

When I visited Kenny his first words were, "Oh, they're going to pay for this, Ron, they're going to pay."

"You mean the Chargers?"

"Yeah, I'm adding up all this pain and I'm going to tack it on my contract." For the next hour, there we sat in hospital gowns, Kenny with one shoulder bandaged, I with two, trying to figure out how much the Chargers should pay us for each moment of pain.

It seemed a logical bargaining point, even though both of us have gained a great deal of benefit from the game. Kenny seemingly loves the body contact the game provides, I neither like it nor mind it. To me football is simply a game, nothing to get greatly excited about. Yet, though each of us finds enjoyment in the game, there comes a time when we must objectively determine the detriments and seek commensurate compensation.

For our individual contracts we bargain as individuals. To negotiate for group benefits, such as pensions, we need a union. There is a place for a union in professional athletics. I am only sorry that the players' union has not attempted to expand its influence into broader areas. Realizing that I am about to present sportswriters with parody material, I would like to suggest that it would be a legitimate objective for a players' union to seek shorter preseason training camps, to limit the length of involuntary time on the practice field, to set a range on rookie—apprentice, if you will—salaries, to encourage the development of safer equipment.

When one belongs to a union one has to accept the possibility of using the ultimate weapon, the strike. A general manager is always quick to tell a player that he can quit if he is unhappy, so the same general manager should not feel surprised when a group accepts his suggestion.

The NFL owners have always been fearful that the Players' Association would abuse its union power, as some unions have done in other industries, and were thus reluctant to give any ground. Both sides were convinced of the merit of their respective positions. The AFL Players' Association, undoubtedly aided by the situation in the NFL, was able to negotiate a settlement with the AFL owners without resorting to strike tactics. The only way matters can be permanently and justly resolved is by the players of both leagues jointly negotiating with an owner group from both leagues.

By terms of the NFL-AFL merger, continued

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player benefits and financial arrangements between the various clubs are to be standardized by 1970. Therefore, whatever is transacted between either group of players-owners affects the other group.

Those who oppose a merged Players' Association negotiating with a merged owners' group cite the fact that different financial situations exist in the two leagues. The AFL owners, whose teams earn smaller revenues than their NFL counterparts, claim that they would be unable to meet the demands of the NFL Players' Association; the NFL players, knowing this, do not wish to be burdened with the AFL Players' Association and have refused to pursue the formation of a merged players' group.

The solution is going to be found only when the players and owners in each league develop an understanding of the problems of the others. To wit:

The AFL owners have always told their players that they would not suffer financially by playing in the AFL. Thus the owners should not expect their players to accept less than NFL players. The AFL owners must consider the increased financial burden as an additional admission cost of merging with the NFL.

The players of the NFL should appreciate the position of the AFL owners and should have tempered their demands accordingly. After all, all football players have benefited by the formation of the AFL and, I believe, will benefit by the merger.

Divergent groups, divergent views. And, until they all get together in one room, controversy is likely to continue. For instance, now that the NFL dispute has been settled the AFL players will complain about the superior pre-season pay and higher minimum wage existing in the NFL.

The agents of rookie football players will attempt to bring an antitrust action, claiming that players drafted by AFL teams are forced to receive less in the way of financial benefits than they could realize if drafted by an NFL team.

Controversy and trouble—and all because four groups with similar interests will not sit down in one room.

Until sound leadership is shown, resulting in a single meeting of all interested parties, strikes by athletes are likely to become commonplace.

If Pete Rozelle is really alive and living in Brazil, somebody contact him. **END**



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◆ His credentials include canoe trips down raging rivers and a camelback grant over the Gobi Desert, and now Canada's swinging Prime Minister **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** has added another paper to his portfolio as the first of his country's Prime Ministers to visit the high Arctic. In a frenzy of athletic activity reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt, Trudeau slept in a tent, caught a five-pound Arctic char, rode a motorcycle and searched among the icebergs for whales and seals. The 94 Eskimos who welcomed him in Grise Fiord were entranced. "We are very glad to see you," said an elderly native named Philipouise. "We are like a boy." Some of the PM's worried constituents in Pangnirtung flew in a Chinese chef to help soften the harshness of Arctic cuisine for him, but Trudeau would have none of it. "Why eat bacon and eggs when you're dying for stewed fox, seal liver and whale blubber?" he asked.

Old Maudie Frickert's alter ego, **Jonathan Winters**, is a dedicated and talented big-game fisherman, but he sadly admits that it's the golfers of show business, like Crosby and Hope, who get all the glory.

"The only tournament angler who ever made headlines was one who fell overboard and was lost at sea," moans Jonathan. And those legendary golf-course business deals? Not on the high seas, says Winters. "The biggest deal I ever made was when someone on a wharf gave me change for a dollar so I could make a telephone call."

Houston's Dr. **Deaton Cooley**, one of the world's leading authorities on heart transplants, claims a background in athletics is a real advantage to the prospective surgeon.



"This is a specialty in which a person must have vigor and a healthy body to perform at his peak," says Dr. Cooley. "Competitive athletics teaches endurance, which is as much a state of mind as a state of the body." Cooley—a letterman on the University of Texas' 1939 championship basketball team—draws further parallels between sport and his own surgical specialty. "We're playing a game in which there are no rules," he says of the transplant business. "It's like the first day they put up a peach basket at the beginning of basketball."

After those two first-round knockouts by Sonny Liston, several unkid fight critics accused **Floyd Patterson** of having "impersonated" a fighter. The kinder ones said it was a problem of temperament. Soulwise, they pointed out, Floyd was less fighter than poet. Now, apparently taking the hint, the gentlest pugilist has decided to embark upon an artistic career—acting. His new agent became interested after hearing him on a TV interview. "I felt he had sensitivity, and I've found it is true," explained Dick Vitt. In TV's *Wild*,

*Wild West* Patterson even has a stand-in to do his fighting. "Floyd hits too straight," the director explained. "It doesn't look as good as the roundhouse swings used in films." A wit as well as a poet, Patterson quipped, "I'd probably be better than the stuntman when it comes to going down, though."

◆ If **William F. Buckley Jr.**, articulate star of the political right, looks extra pained on TV in Miami this week, look to the left for the cause. Just before leaving for the Republican Convention Buckley, an enthusiastic blue-water sailor, was thrown to the deck of his 60-foot schooner, *Cyrano*, by an unexpected wave and suffered a broken collarbone—you guessed it—on his port side. But Bill never had much use for that wing, anyway. Shown here leaning, as always, to the right, Buckley commented, "I can fly on one wing."

There are those who claim that the national game (baseball, you recall) is losing its Moose. But **Tiny Tim**, that long-haired, falsetto-voiced holdover from the age of Moose and ice-cream parlors is not one of them. When

he is not tootling through the tulips Tiny, it turns out, is an avid Dodger fan. He was once kicked out of Connie Mack Stadium for blowing kisses at his idols. He says his presence at a game often distracts the players. "Like the time I was sitting in right field in Yankee Stadium and Mantle and Maris started talking about me."

Pitching and vocalizing, according to Tiny, have a lot in common. "Singing is just like being on the mound," he says. "Vocally, you either have it that night or you don't." The list of 16 song titles taped to the back of his ukulele is his "lineup card." After an occasional evening with young ladies, Tiny admits to reviewing his "errors."

During the winter he's a hockey fan, his favorite team being Toronto, "because the Maple Leaf is closest to nature." He's disturbed by the sport's rough play, though. "Sparring with those sticks," he says. "Ugh!"



## What it's like—gulp—to meet the Packers

It took a long time for the College All-Stars to realize they could even survive on a field with fabled Green Bay, and by the time they discovered that the pro champs were nearly mortal, the ball game was long over

Now it becomes clear. One of the big reasons why the College All-Stars have trouble with the professional football champions every summer in Chicago is that they are so awed by the reputations of the pros it takes them half the game to realize that Ray Nitschke, or somebody, isn't going to bite off a forearm every time they try to run by. Just nubile a little, right?

Larry Csonka was one of the All-Stars last week who did not have to apologize to anyone for his size, his desire or his ability. Csonka is a 6' 3", 236-pound slab of Polish sausage from Stow, Ohio who in three seasons at Syracuse ran right past most of the records set by Jim Brown, Ernie Davis and Floyd Little. He was going to be the starting fullback against the Green Bay Packers on Friday night in Soldier Field—a boyhood dream. He would run under the goalposts with his All-America pals to

be introduced with those red stars on his shoulders, but, while the crowd would roar, he knew the Packers would only shrug.

"It's not that you're scared," Csonka was saying the afternoon of the game. "It's nerves and a lack of confidence. You have the feeling that they'll be able to do it to you but you won't be able to do it to them."

"You start with the fact that since you were 9 years old you've thought the Packers were great. Then you train three weeks and you watch their moves, but that only makes it worse. Each of their individuals is doing so many complicated things and making it look easy. You get the impression that you won't be able to do anything they won't be able to figure out just by watching your feet."

Csonka and Greg Landry, the quarterback from Massachusetts, and Earl

McCullough, the split end from USC, all of whom would play respectably in the game despite their fears, reached the point that they could not watch anybody in those films except Ray Nitschke, the middle linebacker who is bald-headed and 10 years older than Csonka and a very gentle guy in a business suit and glasses.

"In one of the films it looked like Nitschke kicked a guy, and I started wondering what I would do if he kicked me," said Csonka. "I wondered what it would be like the first time he tackled me. We're all going into the game like this, and it'll probably take us two quarters to get adjusted."

It did. Despite the fact that this was a fine All-Star squad, one of the better ones, and that Norm Van Brocklin had prepared them well technically, the Packers offense was so slack and Quarterback Bart Starr was so hot (he hit 15 of 17 the first half) that the game was over before the collegians got in it. With no apparent strain, Green Bay ran up a 24-3 lead, mainly because Starr had a couple of hours to scan the secondary for receivers on every passing down and the All-Star defenders were so frightened of giving up a deep one that they could not find Carroll Dale or Boyd Dowler crossing into the middle or veering out toward the sidelines.

Starr would stand there, and when Dale would make a cut one of the All-Star defenders would holler, "You take him," and before another All-Star could respond with, "Who, me?" Dale would have the ball and be scoring one of the three touchdowns he got as the Packers breezed to a 34-17 victory. As for the All-Stars' pass-rush, it was Atlanta Falcon President Rankin Smith who best summed that up later on. The Falcons' No. 1 draft choice, big Claude Humphrey from Tennessee A&I, was among the rookies who had tried to reach Starr. "I was real proud of him," said Smith



RUNNING HARD AT LAST, ALL-STAR CSONKA DRIVES FOR ONE OF HIS MANY GAINS



in his wry Southern drawl. "Once, I think he got within five yards of Bart."

The All-Stars were a lot better in the second half. They even outscored the Packers, 14-10, and the fact that they scored at all was a victory of sorts for Van Brocklin, who was directing his first batch of collegians. The last two years Green Bay had demolished the rookies by 38-0 and 27-0.

Larry Csonka was one of the best reasons why the All-Stars came back. "I didn't hit the holes hard in the first half," he explained. "I danced around because I didn't know what to expect. I thought I was gonna get hit harder than I ever had before. Once Nitschke gave me a real blow, but he got up smiling at me and I suddenly realized I could take it. Then I got past him a couple of times and started making some yards, and this doesn't make you feel so powerful as it makes you feel intelligent."

Van Brocklin, who called all of the plays for Landry and his other quarterback, Gary Beban, knew that his only chance was to establish a running game, so the rookies kept pounding at the Packers line even though they were behind. Eventually Csonka and Mac Lane from Utah State found some room. Csonka managed to gain 95 yards before it was over and he won the most valuable collegiate player award. It was his insistent hammering that made it possible for first Beban and then Landry to hit the blazing hurdler, McCulloch, with touchdown passes, thus preserving some dignity for the All-Stars.

McCulloch, who is going to the Detroit Lions instead of the Olympics, and Csonka, who is going to the Miami Dolphins, wound up impressing the Packers more than any of the other Stars.

Speaking for the Green Bay secondary, Herb Adderley said he had heard that Earl the Pearl might be the fastest man in the world at the 110-meter hurdles, and while he didn't know about that, he was certain that McCulloch was the fastest at 20 yards in a football suit.

And it was Ray Nitschke himself who said of Csonka, "He's a real tough kid. He ran harder and harder."

"That's the thing," Csonka said, "Once you get the idea out of your mind that you're playing the Packers, you can just play football."

The only thing wrong with this is that the College All-Star Game is over by then.

END



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Cool tires made with fiber glass



## Deauville fell to the aggressive Swedes

If the ladies who played for the U.S. in the World Bridge Olympiad women's event in Deauville had been playing in a pair championship, the odds would have been mighty short that one of the three pairs would win the title. Running as an entry, they would have been something like even money in a 57-pair field. No wonder most of the observers on this side of the Atlantic—and quite a few on the other side—picked the U.S. women to win the Olympiad over the 18 other teams.

But they were playing in a team championship scored by international match points and they were meeting European teams entirely familiar with IMP tactics. The Swedes, who earlier had won the European championship in Dublin, walked away with the Olympiad title. The South African ladies, who finished second, had been drilled for two months by Peter Leventritt of New York's Card School,

North-South vulnerable  
South dealer

<p><b>WEST</b></p> <p>♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2</p>			
<p><b>NORTH</b></p> <p>♠ A K Q J 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2</p>			
<p><b>EAST</b></p> <p>♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2</p>			
<p><b>SOUTH</b></p> <p>♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2</p>			
<b>SOUTH</b>	<b>WEST</b>	<b>NORTH</b>	<b>EAST</b>
3 N.T.	PASS	4♥	PASS
4♠	PASS	4 N.T.	PASS
1♠	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
4♠	PASS	?	

who was brought to Johannesburg especially for that purpose. He coached them on the fundamentals of IMP play and counseled them to be aggressive in bidding games, because that is the best tactic and because most of the opponents would not put up the best defense.

Our girls do not need an apologist, they finished a creditable third. But my fellow forecasters and I do need to apologize. We should have known that the Swedes, who play IMPs all the time, are very good and that Leventritt had not gone to South Africa for a paid vacation.

Perhaps the most important hand the Swedes played was this slam against the South African runners-up. Both teams were using the Texas transfer bid by which North's four-heart bid asked South to convert to four spades. Thereafter, North found out that partner had all four aces—a five-club response to Blackwood shows either all the aces or none—and one king. This was where the Swedish and the South African North players parted company. The South African North, Petra Mansell, counted up to 13 tricks in no trump if her partner's king was in clubs or if South held four hearts to the ace, so she bid seven no trump. The Swedish North, Brita Blom, felt that there might be an extra chance of ruffing out a long diamond suit to developing a 13th trick and so she bid the grand slam in spades.

Both contracts were played by South and both West defenders chose the neutral lead of a low spade. The declarer for South Africa counted 12 tricks on top and figured that the chance of a successful finesse was just as good in diamonds as it was in clubs. She took the diamond finesse and went down one.

The Swedish declarer playing spades had an extra chance of dropping the queen of diamonds in three leads, so she drew trumps, cashed two top diamonds and then ruffed her low diamond in the North hand. When the queen did not drop she ran off two more spades, planning to take the club finesse, which would have won. But when South discarded the jack of clubs on the fourth round of spades, West feared that her partner might hold on to some useless diamonds and, in order to let her know who had the high one, she discarded the diamond queen! This was an extra chance that declarer had not counted on. It made the winning club finesse unnecessary.

It was typical of the Swedes that they took chances in the bidding and found extra chances in the play. They are worthy winners of the Olympiad.

END

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HORSE SHOWS / Alice Higgins

## Horsemen in a happy state

A horse show in Southern California should look like a Hollywood spectacular, and the nine-day Santa Barbara show, which ended recently, is held in what must be the most gorgeous and colorful setting in the country. The pampered box-seat spectators, warmed by inflated heat against the evening chill, can watch the horses against the backdrop of the mountains of the Coast Ranges, and the pampered horses are put up in unusually commodious stalls. With almost unheard-of unanimity, exhibitors agree that Santa Barbara is the best show in terms of facilities and scheduling on the California circuit.

The deft programming is done by Allen Ross, the show manager. He has definite ideas on how each event should be run, and he puts them into practice. Ross believes that a show should move, then end at a reasonable hour, such as before 11 at night. Thus Santa Barbara is one of those rare events where the timetable is believable. Ross can time the program with precision because he schedules the hunter or jumping events for late afternoon and eliminates all but 10 who so in the opening class of the evening performance. Ross, of course, has one big advantage at Santa Barbara: there are no claves for children. Over 150 entries in a children's class, as happened at an earlier California show this year, can play havoc with scheduling. Instead Ross holds a separate junior show, the largest in the country, in the fall.

But programming alone does not totally account for Santa Barbara's popularity. The beauty of the grounds, with flowers, shrubs and even an equestrian monument at the entrance, adds to its success. This opulence is paid for by the state. Ironically, horse racing, a sport that has almost nothing in common with showing horses, supplies the money. Part of every pari-mutuel dollar goes to the state agriculture department, which in

turn disburses funds to fairs and shows. The state pays the prize money, \$125 for each class, a fact that turns non-California horse-show managers ulcerous with envy. As a result it is not difficult to find local people willing to add their money to the state contribution to assure good stake prizes.

Fittingly, some of the competitors this year looked as though they came straight from Central Casting—and, in a sense, some of them did. For example, Trainer Jimmy Williams of Pasadena, as handsome a man as ever graced a screen, has been in pictures, either as Tyrone Power's double or as a stunt rider. With his attractive wife, Marcia—inexplicably called Mousse, as she neither looks nor acts the part—Williams brought 35 horses to the show, the biggest string there. "That," says Mousse, "is almost a vacation. We took 72 head to an earlier show." Mousse, incidentally, is Williams' sixth wife. "If you start in on Jimmy's marriages," Mousse says, "that would take up the whole column."

The Williams' trained hunters are all finished off with a typically Western touch; they can stop and spin like stock horses, a type Williams showed for many years. California born, he was raised around his father's stables. As the son of a dealer he learned how to ride every kind of horse. After he was wounded in World War II he was sent to a riding center in Florence where he studied dressage, then took a horse-and-mule act on tour as part of an Army entertainment troupe. Back in California, he surprised the cowboys by applying dressage principles to stock horse training.

Williams has also done well with hunters. "You can work six hunters in the time it takes to school one top stock horse," he says. "And I want my horses trained so it's like pushing an electric light switch."

That training had its rewards at Santa Barbara, as horses from the Williams string collected a most impressive array of tricolors, including the green working hunter championship and reserve, the second-year green conformation hunter championship, the working hunter championship and the conformation hunter AHSA championship. With Assistant Trainer Ken Nordstrom aboard, Notice Me was the jumper stake winner for the second year in a row as well as the reserve champion. There just wasn't too much left over for anyone else.

EWING

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# WIND FROM THE NORTHEAST

by Joan Gould



*When the late Ring Lardner derisively equated sailboat racing with grass growing as a spectator sport, he may have spoken more truly than he knew. To the connoisseur of such matters,*

*the condition of a lawn on a great estate by Long Island Sound can tell much about the man who lives behind it. Many a shrewd sociologist can surmise from shrubbery whether the money*

*continued*

*that maintains it is old money or new money, whether the land that supports it was acquired from an ancestor or from a forced sale. Just so in the yacht clubs that complement such an estate, a man's attitude toward racing will betray to his fellow sailors his past and his potential, his sources of strength and his possible fatal flaws, and they will hold him in contempt or admiration accordingly.*

*In this imaginary account of a clash of wills and generations aboard a racing sailboat, an author who is herself a fierce competitor on the water thinks that there is more to yacht membership than the overt acts seen by the spectators from the shore.*

**T**he northeast wind would strike when they left the harbor. Inside, still protected by land, the day was nothing worse than bleak and lumpy, and a novice might have been fooled into leaving with full sails, but the three of them knew better. They came prepared for the wind that sweeps down from the northeast—the sailor's wind—down a clear fetch of a hundred miles from the Atlantic Ocean, still smelling of cold currents and mackerel when it blows past the yacht clubs of Long Island Sound. From the north and south come land winds, hot and feeble for days or weeks in summer and then suddenly gusty, as if they snatch their moods from the homes they pass. But the northeast wind is a water wind, blowing hard and steady and true to itself for three days at a time before it shifts to the south, pushing a hundred miles of water into waves so steep that the tides are overly full for days afterward.

They went out in the club launch. "Perfect," his father said as the launchman pulled neatly alongside the moored sailboat. Speak politely to workmen, Henry Dyson Samuelson always told his boys, but he himself did more, he was downright deferential to those, like the yacht club's launchmen, who were hired for a skill, a skill that could be measured against his own. He fended the launch away from the yacht with his foot while his older son, Henry Dyson Jr., called "Dyce," and his younger son, Nat, handed the sail bags and gear from one boat to the other.

"Luck," explained the launchman touching the brim of his cap. The launchman never saluted anyone at the club but Samuelson, no other adult member had ever sailed on, much less owned or raced, a Monitor.

By the time Samuelson jumped into the cockpit, Dyce had unpacked the largest sail bag, stenciled "Monitor #27—Flat Main," and was bending on the sail, while Nat took the jib bag.

"I want to make this a family crew," said Samuelson. "Just the three of us. I call that a challenge."

"I daresay," replied Dyce. It was a phrase that made Nat uneasy.

"I don't have your approval?"

Dyce stiffened. "Don't ask me. It's not up to me." He paused. "Only I think we could use two more people—in the family, that is."

"I don't." Nat spoke the words before he realized how much they revealed. "I mean, what's this supposed to be, a basketball team? A bridge game?" (That was better—bridge. Why couldn't he have thought of bridge first?) "I mean, it's against my undemocratic principles to do anything that needs more than three people. Like you might as well be wearing sweat shirts with numbers on the back." He couldn't stop. "Hey, did I ever tell you about my great vision? There we are, on the playing field, man, with numbers on our backs, sacrificing our giblets in some lousy game, and we trot back to the locker room to change, only all of a sudden you realize that we aren't wearing shirts at all. I mean, like the numbers are on our skin."

Dyce was staring at him. Nat had known from the beginning that his tone was wrong, but he was always unable to stop himself. He had done exactly what he didn't want to do, called attention to himself as an outsider, the first time that he was invited aboard as a working partner. "Peculiar," that was the word Dyce would use for him, and he was that—small, although he was 15, and a stranger to his brother besides, since Dyce was away each winter, first at boarding school and now at college, while Nat himself was shipped off to camp each summer.

"Get the sails on." The order came from Samuelson. Glad to escape, Nat walked forward with the jib, the bow heaving up and down under his feet. Occasionally he was smacked by an out-of-rhythm wave, like a boxer taking an uppercut on the chin. Once forward of the mast, where he could not hear voices from the cockpit, Nat was happy. One could be lonelier on a boat than anywhere but the grave, and that was what he wanted—to be alive and awake and yet alone, away from voices. He hated words as only a wordy person can, his own most of all. But this was fine. The supposed silence of eternity must be what he was hearing now—not silence but a roar of wind, howling from nowhere into nothing, as galaxies rush past each other, the sum of all noises jumbled together into one, just as light is every color made indistinguishable.

Dyce finished attaching the mainsail. He braced his legs and pulled on the outhaul, to flatten the foot of the sail, and when he was done Samuelson plucked the sail's rope like a guitarist to check its tension, but said nothing.

For a moment, while Nat was still on deck attaching the jib, Dyce ducked into the cabin and took something from a drawer.

"Tape on the jib sheets," said Samuelson.

"I already . . ."

"What?"

"Nothing." Dyce wound the roll of tape in his hand



around the shackle joining the jib sheets to the sail, the way that he would have taped a prizefighter's hand. It was something that they did only when the wind, slicing past the metal shrouds, let out a low whistle, which meant that it was blowing 15 knots or better. Each wind has its own sound; this one from the northeast had the drawn-out wail of keening women.

Ten minutes later both sails were hoisted. Samuelson stood at the tiller, one hand on the mainsheet. Nat was taking care of the jib, while Dyce moved forward to unfasten the mooring line and stand at the bow with it, cradling it in his arms so that it would not scrape the side of the boat. He stood there, and for the first time—at least that he could remember—Nat really saw his brother; saw him walk aft, still holding the mooring line as if the deck hadn't suddenly risen sharply under him, slanting up from the water on his side and down toward the mainsail on the other; saw him—a 19-year-old boy, still without his foul-weather clothes so that his red knit shirt, already soaked with spray, was turning dark in patches as if soaked with blood—walking along the deck toward the cockpit (the distance was less than 10 feet) with his legs braced apart, like the eternal hero. There was nothing brave about him. There was no point in trying to learn from him, Nat realized, because Dyce's ease came from something more basic than bravery. It came from innocence. He simply didn't know, at that instant anyway, that destruction existed. As the mainsail filled, Dyce dropped the mooring line and jumped into the cockpit. The boat headed out of the harbor, wallowing at first and then suddenly heeling as it felt the first gusts of wind over the open water.

The sky was gray and so was the sea. Only its surface was wrinkled like the skin of a rhinoceros. All around them there was gray, and yet they could see clearly—much better than they could in sunshine—to the west, the bridges and skyscrapers of New York, and to the south the hills of Long Island, generally remote in a summer haze but today suddenly seeming close, as if the landscape had leaped forward during the night.

As the boat heeled at a still sharper angle, Samuelson slacked off the mainsheet. They were sailing past the last rocks in the harbor.

"Look," Dyce pointed at a flock of gulls, hovering low over the water because of the drop in air pressure.

"You read the barometer this morning?" Samuelson asked.

Dyce's face froze. "What?"

"Walking through the club lobby, you mean you didn't even take time . . . ?" Without finishing his sentence, Samuelson gestured for Dyce to take the tiller and strode into the cabin, where he unpacked his foul-weather suit from its bag. On the boat or on shore, even on the main street of their suburban town, Samuelson never wore anything

during the daytime but light-blue slacks and a cotton-knit shirt (imported, to be sure, but still cotton), sneakers and a belt that he himself had spliced from a piece of rope, as if this were all he could afford. When he pulled on the trousers of his foul-weather suit Nat noticed that his father's feet were astonishingly small and that his hands were white and hairless.

A wave loomed to port, and Dyce pushed the tiller a few inches, so that the bow faced into it and the boat nuzzled up and over, the way a hunting horse takes a fence. A little spray broke into the boat. A test. Keep her dry, the old man always said, sail her on her feet. Often when they came back to the mooring after a rough day, with Dyce or even Nat allowed to take the tiller, the old man would lift the floorboards and look at the amount of water that had collected, every drop of it a reproach.

"You could do this," Samuelson said. The words were addressed to Dyce, but Nat knew they were meant to include him. Dyce spoke. "Do what?"

"Race her."

"What for?"

"What for? Because you're able. Isn't that the only reason for doing anything?" Dyce didn't answer.

"It's criminal."

"You mean convenient, don't you?" Dyce asked. "For you, that is."

"For you. Members of a yacht club all these years . . ."

There was a tone in Samuelson's voice that could only belong to a man who had never seen a yacht club in his youth, never seen a sailboat at close range, in fact, until he was middle-aged; a man who had stepped on a boat for the first time when he was 40. But the boat he first stepped on was a Monitor, and it was his own. He had bought it over the telephone from a newspaper advertisement, knowing nothing more than just that—that it was a Monitor, and that Monitors were the finest, most expensive and competitive racing boats on the Sound.

It happened that there was no other way that he could have bought it. Ever since the class was founded its members had been limited to a small number of gentlemen of one type, which certainly was not intended to include anyone named Samuelson, and no Monitor had ever been advertised in a newspaper or anywhere else. Nor would one have been, but the year was 1944 and the class, left shorthanded and shamefaced by the war, had stopped racing for the duration.

Samuelson had bought the boat in the fall and sailed it throughout the following summer, with any youngster from his club as crew (but never with an adult), learning alone, the way he learned everything. No one in his club understood why he wanted a boat so big—33 feet overall, 21 feet on the waterline—so big, but as delicate to handle as a birchbark canoe. The next year when racing resumed

*continued*

and he went out every weekend and was beaten, no one understood why he wanted a boat in which it was so easy to be disgraced. But, then, his club had not been a yacht club in anything but name until that day when he answered the newspaper advertisement. Men who raced Monitors belonged to far fancier yacht clubs than Samuelson's, and none of its members understood anything about a man who would buy such a boat.

So every weekend Samuelson raced his boat, smiling deprecatingly at the skippers from the other clubs, as if asking them to overlook his presence on the water. They did, because it was easy to forgive a man who could be so badly beaten 40 times a summer. A few seasons later he was in the middle of the fleet standings. By then it was even easier to forgive him, because he had made it clear that he would never hoist a protest flag, no matter how flagrantly he had been fouled. "I come out here to learn,"

PAINTING BY GILBERT I. STONE



**H**e always sailed in a bow tie, a silent reproof to the timid.

he told the skippers of his class, and they were so beguiled that they never stopped to wonder what it was he wanted to learn.

So the years passed, and the time for forgiveness was over. The other members of the fleet watched his improvement, first with wonder and finally with admiration—for themselves, not for him, that they could accept him so admiringly. Samuelson's presence grew less noticeable, just as the tread on his sneakers grew less obtrusive with each race, but now his smile was recognized as the modesty of a man who knows that he faces his inferiors. After eight

years only three or four members of the class could equal his record, and only Trevor Hunt, who had been winning yacht races for 50 years, could leave the mooring with the reasonable certainty of beating him.

Samuelson took the tiller straight ahead, they could see the buoy in the center of the Sound and the committee boat that would start the race, but there was not yet another racing boat in sight. This was no day for novices. The few oldtimers who showed up would come as late as they dared, to shelter their crews and even their equipment as long as possible. As Samuelson put the boat on a broad reach, easing the sails to take the strain off them, Dyce lifted a floorboard and began pumping bilge water overboard, crouching near his father's feet to do so.

Samuelson turned toward Nat. "Did you know that while you were away this summer, Dyce crewed for a boy only two years older than you?" Dyce went on pumping. The inhale of the pump sounded like heavy breathing.

At that moment Nat was afraid. It couldn't have been because of his father's remarks—he was used to them and they were unusually obvious today, anyway—but suddenly he realized that the summer was almost over. He had never before regretted the passing of time, and he knew at once that this was the first step, not in growing up but in growing old. An era ago, in the spring, he had fought being sent away to camp, saying that he wanted to stay home and sail in the junior program, but he had fought feebly. Was it because he was afraid? He was going to die by drowning. He knew that as a fact—he could feel the salt water burning his throat—but he was afraid of something more imminent than drowning. Fear, Nat sensed, was something that his father had known and put behind him long ago, but never had forgotten, the way that you put behind you the problems of a race already won. You might scorn them, but you never forgot them. What was it his father said? On the morning of a race he could tell, the instant that his eyes were open, whether he would do well that day or not. Well, Nat's eyes were opening—but he couldn't tell.

"Who did he crew for?" Nat asked. The boy's name might break the spell.

"Steve Wolff. Good fellow, did well in the juniors. That's a thought. I may not be the first champion in the club after all. I'm telling you, that boy may beat me to it—in the Lightnings. Mark my words, he's one to watch."

Only an inch of water in the bilge, not enough for a pump. Dyce took the sponge and handed it to Nat, seated on deck, to wring over the side.

"Maybe it's not a bad idea to crew for him," Samuelson looked at his son. "Still, a younger boy. . . . Well, it's more than I could do."

Eight more trips for the sponge—careful, squeeze, don't wring, so the sponge will last longer. The bilge water felt surprisingly warm against their hands.

"Two boys, but no skipper," Samuelson was talking

into the wind, and half his words were blown behind him. "Sailors, not skippers. That's worse."

Carefully, Dyce mopped up the last of the bilge water, replaced the empty sponge, replaced the floorboard, made sure the coil of the mainsheet ran free behind his father's feet, disappeared into the cabin for an instant and then returned with the spinnaker pole in his hand. It was a wooden pole eight feet long, and Dyce balanced it in one hand while he climbed onto the foredeck.

Nat saw him again, standing on the bow like a Viking with a spear in his hand, his forearm as rigid as the pole. Suddenly it occurred to Nat that his brother was the stranger—a stranger who had sprung from the merchant father behind him at the tiller, six inches shorter, 40 pounds lighter and somehow innocent of four thousand years of history. Words, deals—Dyce had nothing to do with them, nothing to do with the doubts that made up his family's history, nor with the suffering, either. No one who believed in suffering could walk along that foredeck in a force 5 sea without holding on to the rigging.

"He'll be all right," said Nat.

"Tackling," Samuelson announced. It was a savage move, catching Dyce on deck. Without waiting for a reply, Samuelson shoved the tiller and swung the boat from due south to due north. Nat released the jib sheets a few seconds earlier than normal, so that his brother could step over them from his position forward of the mast, while the boat swung through the eye of the wind. As Samuelson put them on the new course, heading back to the committee boat, Nat ducked into the cockpit, returning with the lunch while Dyce was still on deck.

"Don't worry about him," Nat said to his father, astonished at himself. He could not remember ever feeling any emotion toward his brother, much less this feeling of protectiveness toward someone almost four years older. The strangest part was the pain he felt in his stomach, now that he knew that people were fragile.

"Worry about him? No, I won't." His father ate a sandwich as he spoke. "It does no good. Nor about you. So go ahead and destroy yourself. He'll wait until he's destroyed by others." Samuelson enjoyed melodrama. He was a born phrasemaker.

"I daresay," Nat used his brother's words, but his father didn't notice.

"It was only vanity to think I could show you something else."

"What?"

"You see. That's the point. You don't know anything else exists."

Dyce returned to the cockpit and took his sandwich, roast beef from the delicatessen, cut very thin but many slices, with lettuce and Russian dressing on seeded rye bread.

"So sail with me," Samuelson hammered away. "It's so much easier that way." He turned toward his younger

son. "What did you have to eat for lunch day before yesterday?"

"What?"

"Sorry. That's too much to expect. Let's try something elementary. What did you have for lunch yesterday?"

Silence.

"You've forgotten that, too?"

"I didn't know it mattered."

"Of course not."

"You never told me that lunch was part of the race."

"The race doesn't matter either, since you'll forget it by next week. Like the rest of them there," Samuelson gestured toward shore.

I am afraid of him, Nat thought.

Dyce removed a piece of meat stuck between his teeth. Holding his sandwich, he reached into the cockpit for the binoculars. "The course is posted."

On top of the committee boat there was a wooden framework, holding placards with various letters printed on them. Each letter indicated a marker that would be used as a turning point in the race. V—the mark in the middle of the Sound, I—the black can near Satan's Toe, F—the bell buoy near Execution Rocks.

That was it. That was all that was needed to change the atmosphere as abruptly as if someone had snapped up a window shade in a darkened room. Now they were close enough to the committee boat to recognize their competitors, most of whom were sailing back and forth, parallel to the starting line.

"Mackenzie," said Dyce. "Gosh. Jim London, Clyde, Akell, Hornridge sailing *Malacca*." Nat hung the stopwatch around his neck. Dyce was working on the plastic-coated map on which he had drawn their course.

"Heading zero four eight to the first mark." From his position, Dyce could see to leeward. "Here's Hunt."

A few seconds later the two *Monitors* passed each other, the skippers raising their arms in greetings as if they stood in the courtyard of a ducal palace. But while their hands greeted each other their eyes darted over the set of each other's sails. At this moment Hunt had not yet released his jib; it was furled tightly to his pshstay.

Hunt always sailed dressed in a businessman's white shirt and a black bow tie, a silent reproach to all those too timid to handle a *Monitor*, the city people who brought small, safe boats and self-consciously nautical outfits. But today his clothes, like Samuelson's, were hidden under a foul-weather suit. On the committee boat, someone fired a cannon and hoisted a cylinder.

"Ten minutes," called Nat at the instant that he started the stopwatch.

They were in the thick of the fleet, now, lying right near the committee boat as the gun went off. On Hunt's boat, a crewman released the jib. Samuelson gestured to Dyce, who released their own jib halyard, took an extra turn around the winch to tighten it and then fastened it again.

continued

Nat looked at the watch, held it in his palm for 20 seconds and called out, "Eight minutes." The others stared at him. He had let a minute slip by without calling it, but there was no apology in his tone. Then they were passing a covey of Monitors, and Samuelson greeted each skipper, suddenly switching to geniality, but with these he did not bother to look over the trim of their sails.

"Seven." In the past Nat would have cared about his error, not because it would impede the start (the old man checked the second hand on his own wristwatch in any case), but because he wanted to be flawless in front of his father. But that was over.

At five minutes before the start the committee hired another cannon.

"Flag end of the line is favored," said Dyce, who had put on his own foul-weather suit, "but Hunt is moving around the committee boat end."

"I'll bet he is," replied Samuelson.

So that was it. The tactical decision—not just for the start but for the first leg—had been made. At four minutes before the start they headed back toward the committee boat.

"Sixteen boats today," said Nat. "Not had in this weather." Only a beginner ever counted the fleet.

"Quiet."

Two and a half minutes before the start. They passed the committee boat and headed away from the line. Nat tried to remain detached, but he could feel his wrists quivering. He laid his right hand on the deck to steady it.

"Two minutes." Still heading away from the line. "One and three quarters." Silence between the calls, like a trough between waves. "One and a half."

"Tacking."

Sixteen boats approached an imaginary line that stretched across the water from the committee boat at one end to an orange flag at the other. To cross this invisible line even a fraction of a second before the starting gun meant a recall. To cross the line a few seconds too late, behind the bow of another boat, meant spending the crucial part of the race eating his backwind.

"Fifty seconds." Two boats right in their path. Samuelson swung beneath them and let out his sails, to pick up drive through the choppy water. "Thirty."

No help for it, they were going to be late, but at least they had a stretch of water to themselves. The boats they had just avoided were Hunt's and Goslin's. Now they were heading straight for the line. Dyce hauling in the mainsheet, hand over hand, Nat trimming the jib. The boat was suddenly lying over on her side, heeling under gusts that were almost twice as strong, now that they were headed close to the wind. She was shivering like a racehorse that has been struck with a steel whip. When the cannon sounded Samuelson was less than a boat length from the line, but still it was a poor start, for him.

"Let me know," Samuelson said. There was no need to

ask what he meant. Dyce was the first to see it.

"Hunt tacked." Five seconds later "Goslin."

With no order given, they tacked, heading away from the Westchester shore now, out into the center of the Sound. Hunt and Goslin were on the same tack with them, and one other boat followed half a minute later, but the rest of the fleet was headed ashore, where they would be protected from the worst of the waves. It was always a choice. If they headed out into the Sound they would get a better wind angle later on, but if they hugged the Westchester shore they would escape the pounding of the waves, which lessened their speed out here.

"Heading zero eight eight." As Dyce spoke, he boosted himself up on deck, but his brother was ahead of him, already lying up forward. Like a pair of jockeys flattening themselves on a horse's back, they rode there, hanging as far out as possible to help right this boat that weighed 3½ tons and that staggered and shuddered from the force of the wind blowing against them.

Nat felt better. Riding up here, with the wind in his face, his anger and fear were gone. For a moment he had a sensation that he couldn't remember his own age. Maybe he was a child who dreamed this. Maybe he was middle-aged and it was all behind him and nothing mattered. He couldn't remember, so maybe the old man was right after all. Damn it, what *had* he had for lunch yesterday?

The boat was lying too far over. The wind was pecking up. Samuelson released the mainsheet a few inches, spilling wind from the forward part of the sail, which took a deformed curve like a seagull with a broken wing. Threading his way through the waves, Samuelson headed into each crest as it loomed ahead of him, then headed off, away from the wind as the boat slid down the wave's back. Up and over, off and away. He held the tiller with thumb and forefinger, constantly moving it but never more than a few inches, and he was good, he was very good, anyone could see that. Up. A second's pause, facing almost into the wind, dangling on the crest, on the brink of losing control, then off and away. Wind filling the sail again. It was a pleasure to watch him.

The wind shifted direction and they tacked, almost at the same instant as Hunt and Goslin. They held the new course a few minutes then tacked back again, as the wind shifted once more. The fourth skipper never changed course, so that was the end of him.

A few minutes later they all tacked for the mark. The boats that headed for Westchester had done the same and the two groups were converging. Nat could see that the Westchester leader was ahead of them; it had paid off, then, to hug the shore. Mackenzie would be first at the mark, then Hunt, and then Houghton. And then them, probably, just ahead of Goslin. That wasn't bad, fourth, in a fleet like this, with three more legs for the others to make mistakes.

Two hundred yards from the mark, Dyce slid forward on his belly to attach the spinnaker halyard. Two boat lengths from the mark, he stood up and fastened the pole to the mast, ignoring the slope of the deck (wet and slippery because Samuelson refused to put sand in his pants), and then—the boat still changing direction as it swooped around the buoy, the deck leveling off under his feet—he was hoisting the spinnaker. Just clear of the mark, with water visible between their stern and the buoy, the spinnaker filled with air, as his father and brother hauled on the lines.

The nylon bubble billowed in front of them, striped blue-and-white. Again the mood changed with the new course, the wind almost at their backs now. There was exaltation, nothing less, as their spirits were blown high and forward like the spinnaker itself, and it was on that surge that they rode past Houghton, who was still struggling to raise his spinnaker. They were there.

A wave rolled under them. "Welcome to Waikiki," Dyce shouted as they surfed down its face, and the shout seemed funny to them, the three of them laughing together like a group of drunkards, secretly loving each other, too, like drunkards.

"We're riding a tiger," Samuelson said, and the boys knew what he meant; it was an old saying that it was safer to ride a tiger's back than to dismount. But what choice did they have? They were swooping down on the black can, and they would have to jibe around it.

"Damn fools on the comminute boat to give us a jibe in this weather," said Samuelson. Neither of the others could remember him making such a remark.

Nat was afraid and watched the other boats for reassurance, watched Mackenzie reach the mark, jibe, stagger a moment and then right himself on the new course. Before Hunt reached the mark Dyce had already gone forward to release the spinnaker pole from the mast. Then Samuelson moved the tiller a few inches with his hip, holding the spinnaker sheet in his left hand while the mainsail crashed from one side of the boat to the other because no one had a free hand to trim it. It was all Samuelson could do to unclasp the main and then recast it, hanging on to one spinnaker line while Nat took the other. It was more than he could do, in fact. He couldn't control the spinnaker, but he couldn't let go of the line either, and the spinnaker pole was going forward and up in the air. Dyce was still on deck, trying to hold the pole down, and Nat was rushing forward to help bring the pole down and back, because at any moment it might pull the headstay out of the boat and dismast them. The boat kept rounding up into the wind, the end of the boom in the water now, because no one was free to trim the mainsail, and Samuelson couldn't get his left arm free of that spinnaker line even if he wanted to. It was tearing his shoulder out of its socket. Then Dyce and Nat had the pole under control, and Dyce held it aft while Nat fastened the line. Dyce

jumped into the cockpit and trimmed the mainsheet. The old man held on to the tiller with his free hand and forced the boat to head off, away from the wind, so that the boom would come out of the water and they wouldn't swamp after all. Strangely, they hadn't lost a boat. Houghton had closed the gap somewhat but they were still in third place.

At last the line leading from the spinnaker pole was safely cleated, with Samuelson still holding on. He didn't let go until Dyce came and took the tiller. Then he opened his fingers with great effort, but he was unable to lower his arm. His shoulder was sticking out at right angles to his chest.

"Pull it." The arm was held out toward Dyce at the tiller, but Dyce didn't say anything. He just kept working at the tiller.

"Damn it, pull it, damn it." This time the arm pointed at Nat. Nat shrank back.

"Pull it forward." Nat took hold of the hand, which was ice cold and covered with sweat. He tugged.

"Hard. Pull it hard, damn you." Nat gave another tug, stronger than the first.

Before he could try again Samuelson backed himself into the cabin and rammed himself against the inside wall. Even in the cockpit, in spite of the wind, the boys could hear the thump.

The shoulder was back in its socket, but Samuelson crouched on the bunk, his breath coming in gasps, pressing his left elbow against his hip. And meanwhile the boat kept sailing forward, with Dyce at the tiller but no one really watching, except to avoid collision. Samuelson leaned his left side against the bulkhead, breathing in short gulps as if he wished he did not have to go through the pain of taking air.

"Come up here and help take off the spinnaker." The order came from Dyce. They couldn't head for home until that sail was down and their job was working again. Samuelson gestured at Nat with his right hand, and Nat left the cabin to obey.

Curiously they went through the maneuver at the same time as the crews of Hunt's boat and Houghton's, because they were at the third mark already. They had to work fast, in any case, or else they would run up on the Long Island shore. The two brothers worked well together, stuffing the spinnaker into the boat, Nat taking the tiller for a few minutes while Dyce did the heavy work, and then Dyce taking over again, rounding the mark sharp and close for no reason except that that is the way it ought to be done. They were on their way home, out of the race to all intents, but still they followed Mackenzie and Hunt, in third place, because their paths happened to be the same. The windward shore, which was the Westchester shore—that is what all the good racers wanted, just as if each of them had a man gasping for air on the bunk in the cabin.

*continued*

"Can't we get a powerboat to take him home?" Nat asked, still talking because he did not know what else to do. Obviously no powerboat would come out on a day like this. But even if, by some miracle, one had ventured out, there would be no way for them to find it. They were making almost as much speed, in any case, as a powerboat in this sea.

Nat looked into the cabin. Samuelson was sitting on the bunk, with his left arm against the bulkhead. He still breathed in shallow gasps.

"It's not just my shoulder," he said.

"I know," Nat answered.

"It's more."

"I know it."

For some reason that fact had to be established between them. It set the scene for what was suddenly an old man, hunched over on his bed in a small, windowless room. There was a sentence, unuttered, between the two of them that said this was it, this was the end, even if the old man lived for another 30 years. The years wouldn't matter, because he had seen what he had seen today. In the darkness his face was white, with the pallor of age and illness, as if his body had already ungratefully forgotten the summer spent in the sun.

The instant that Nat returned to the cockpit he could tell that the boat's behavior had changed. Dyce was leaning forward as far as he could while still holding on to the tiller, steering with only the tips of his fingers, his body stretched out as if he were riding the boat through the waves, and from the look on his eyes Nat knew that he had forgotten his father. The boat had sailed well before, but now it was altogether different, it wasn't fighting its way through the waves, it was riding over them. Dyce was sailing as very few men can sail a boat, and then for only a few minutes in their lifetime. During those few minutes a boat is something more than a boat and need not obey the usual laws. Dyce's eyes were fastened on Hunt. Minute by minute he was closing the gap between them and working to windward.

Nat did not speak. Dyce was sailing the boat for him, too. It did not matter which of them had his hand on the tiller — let Dyce have it, because he had a much better touch than was their turn now. Their father was sitting on his bed, and it was their turn, and they were catching up with Hunt.

"Finish the race." It was Samuelson who spoke, standing in the doorway of the cabin, pressing his left arm against his side.

"The hell you say," Dyce answered without even looking at his father.

"I said finish it."

They were catching up. They were only a few boat-lengths behind. "Might as well," Nat said. "You practically have to sail past the committee boat to go home."

Dyce didn't answer. He kept the boat moving, and they

could see Hunt at the tiller, turning around now, distressed at the sound of their bow wave growing steadily louder. They knew that a man who looks over his shoulder can be beaten.

The committee boat was in sight. The finish line could not be leached on this tack, but the wind had shifted to the south and the final tack would be a short one, to be taken at the last possible minute. They need do nothing but hang on, keep gaining foot by foot, keep working to windward, and at the end Hunt would be unable to tack and cross them. It was a prayer that Nat was saying to Dyce — keep going, keep her moving, work up on him foot by foot, hang on even if nothing is as hard to do as that hanging on.

"Tack," Samuelson shouted the order.

Nat opened his mouth to shout "no" but before the syllable came out, it was too late, it was done. The bow of the boat was swinging around. They had tacked. The race was as good as over.

They kept slogging toward the finish line, but it didn't matter anymore, because if the wind shifted in either direction Hunt would benefit from the fact that they had tacked and he had not, and if the wind did not shift at all he would beat them anyway, by the two-boat-length advantage that he held. Hunt would be astonished by their error, but only for an instant. Then he would convince himself that it was his virtue that enabled him to hold fast until they blundered — and, of course, in a sense it was.

Dyce was sailing the boat adequately now, not the way he had sailed it before. His turn had come. It had been real. He had his chance, and he blew it. Or maybe not, maybe it had just been taken from him. Either way it was over.

It did not hurt Nat as much as he would have expected to cross the finish line, because at that moment he was no longer brother to anyone. Both he and his father had heard him shout "no" when the moment came, and both of them knew that some men can be wiped out and some cannot. As they crossed the finish line in third place, Hunt waved to them with the special warmth that a man feels for another man whom he has beaten. Samuelson waved back with his right arm.

"Had some trouble back there," he shouted. It was impossible to see more, above the nose of the wind, with the distance between the two boats already widening as they headed for different harbors, but it would make a fine story back on shore, in his own yacht club first but later at Hunt's club also and all the other clubs, how he had almost met his end during the race but had insisted on finishing, even though his sons had wanted to quit. Of course, he would be careful to give them credit for taking over the boat and finishing third. As he put away the binoculars, he noticed with irritation that he had forgotten to ease the tension of the sails, and here they were, almost back at the mooring.

END

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# RUM COLLINS

-how to make it

Nobody knows where the word "collins" came from. But the drink itself was first concocted with rum, by an innkeeper during the American Revolution. Still unbeatable.

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**PUERTO RICAN RUM** is  
light and dry and outsells all others 3 to 1



# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

It had been a rough day for CINCINNATI's (6-3) George Culver. His stomach hadn't felt right and he'd bypassed dinner. Then, just as he began warming up for a start against the Phillies, an ingrown toenail started bothering him, and novocain had to be administered. Still, Culver could not forget the strange feeling he'd had on the way to the ball park. "I kept thinking, 'No-hitter, no-hitter.' Don't ask me why. It just happened, like I was in another world." The next day the Hall of Fame requested Culver's cap, 15 radio and two TV shows beckoned for his appearance and 25-year-old George treated roomie Pat Corrales—his catcher—to a steak-and-eggs breakfast. Culver, who claims he is no proponent of mysticism, had indeed pitched a no-hitter, the majors' third of the season. PITTSBURGH (6-3) got a triple play that saved the first major league victory of 23-year-old rookie right-hander Dock Ellis and helped them advance to sixth. Nine home runs in two games kept CHICAGO (6-1) rolling. The Cubs invaded Busch Stadium, where they had not scored in 38 innings, and left with a sweep of the series from league-leading ST. LOUIS (4-3), which had received four straight complete games, including Bob Gibson's 12th in a row. Gaylord Perry fired only 77 pitches in a two-hit victory for SAN FRANCISCO (4-3) but suddenly found himself the subject of controversy. "Almost every pitch he threw was a spitter," fumed the Cubs' Ron Santo. Cub Manager Leo Durocher had the umpires inspect Perry's cap, prompting this reply from Giant skipper Herman Franks: "Durocher's got a lot of guts upsetting my pitcher when he's got one who makes a career out of throwing a grease ball." Bill Singer won two games for

LOS ANGELES (4-4), and Bob Bailey's homer decided another game. Henry Aaron (.393 for week) passed the 1,600-RBI mark for ATLANTA (3-5), while rookie Ron Reed hurled his first big league shutout. NEW YORK (2-6) bunted only 203 and lost hurler Nolan Ryan to the disabled list as it tumbled into eighth place. Injuries plagued HOUSTON (2-5) on all fronts. The team's roster was down to 24 players, but seven potential minor league replacements were all unavailable. John Callison clouted three homers for PHILADELPHIA (2-6) and one snapped a six-game losing streak as Manager Bob Skinner stressed that his faltering club would maintain a positive attitude.

Standings: STL 31 38, CH 38 32, CIN 35 35, ATL 32 37, SF 55 33, PIT 51 36, PHI 50 37, NY 50 41, LA 49 41, Hou 46 43

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

If Red Sox batters erred visibly when New York's (4-3) Stan Bahnsen is pitching, it is hardly surprising. The 23-year-old rookie right-hander has been baffling the Sox since the end of the 1966 season, when he struck out the side at Fenway Park in his first major league inning. Bahnsen, who claims he's always "extra careful" in cramped Fenway, backed his thesis again with a three-hit, 12-strikeout effort that spurred the Yanks into sixth place. It was Bahnsen's 10th victory and third straight over Boston (6-5), which received some lift of its own from Jim Lonborg and Ken Harrelson. Lonborg, injured most of this season, went seven innings—his longest stint so far—and gained his first career victory over the Angels. Harrelson later sparked the Sox to four straight wins, driving home 14 runs on four homers. "It's not too late in '68," was the snappy winning entry in BALTIMORE's (5-3)

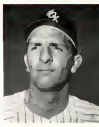
slogan contest. The Orioles came up with two new heroes to back that hope, as Elrod Hendricks won two games with his and John Morris, recalled two weeks ago from Rochester, hurled six-plus scoreless relief innings to gain his second victory. "I don't know his name, but send me a wire if he ever wins another game," snorted one unimpressed rival manager after watching WASHINGTON's (4-4) Jim Hannan beat his team earlier this season. On that basis Hannan prompted two more night letters, while Frank Howard (three homers) and Mike Epstein (.368 BA) broke long slumps. OAKLAND (5-3) surprisingly regained as the West Coast's top major league team, thanks mainly to game-winning hits by reserves Mike Hershberger and Ted Kubiak. DETROIT (4-3) pitching remained erratic, with the exception, of course, of Denny McLain (two more victories made 22). Paced by Tommy Davis (.500 BA), CHICAGO (4-4) had the hottest hitting in the league. The Sox slouted .312 and rallied from an 8-1 deficit in one game to defeat slumping MINNESOTA (2-4). Ted Uhlenhuth (.360) assumed the league batting lead, but the inconsistent, injury-prone Twins had little else to rave about. Manager Cal Ermer has shifted the batting order 72 times in the first 103 games. Since CLEVELAND's (3-5) Jose Cardenal lost his lucky red-orange-with-big-white-daisies necktie in Yankee Stadium two weeks ago, things have gone steadily downhill for the Indians. "That's what's wrong with us," moaned Jose. "I write them asking for it, but they don't answer." Rumors flew of a front-office shakeup in CALIFORNIA (3-6), which tumbled to eighth.

Standings: DET 47 41, Balt 46 46, Cleve 46 41, Bos 57 31, Cal 55 31, NY 50 34, Min 50 36, Chi 50 35, CH 47 48, Wash 37 44

## HIGHLIGHT

Hail out the Little Red Book of baseball records, gentlemen, a new entry is in order. "Most unusual triple plays and grand-slam home-runs by right-handed throwers who are also traded in the same week—1, Ron Hansen, Washington-Chicago, July 30-Aug. 2, 1968." An examination of the R. Hansen diary for his week that was might reveal the following. *Tuesday*: Caught a line drive, stepped on second, tagged out other runner coming down from first. *Wednesday*: Received call from Hall of Fame, requesting shipment of glove used in first inning last night. They say a glove like this comes along only once every 41 years but, on close examination, it's the same Spalding model used in second through ninth innings as well as through 90 games and 34 errors this season. They got call from Indians' Jose

Arcus, who hit the triple-play line drive, wondering if Coogertown wanted his bat, too. After all, nobody has hit into an unvisited triple play since 1927 either. *Thursday* (approximately 8:30 p.m.): Just struck out for sixth straight time, not making good contact with ball. *Thursday* (approximately an hour later, same place): Just hit grand-slam home run in fourth inning, Senators' first such hit all year. Balking average up to .185. Senators win, 37th such happening in 101 games. *Friday*: A funny thing occurred on way to play White Sox. Got traded to White Sox, where had set previous records of fewest stolen bases in season (6), fewest triples in season (6) and most chances accepted by shortstop in doubleheader (28). *Sunday*: Hit 454 in three games for new/old (choose one) club, playing third base now. White Sox lost two of three to Senators. Got to bed early, pondering strange events of week.



HANSEN: THE WEEK THAT WAS



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## GOOD OLD REN

Sirs,

Your fine four-page photo story of the first U.S. Masters Track and Field Championships (*A Masterful Meeting of Two-verse Men*, July 29) was an outstanding recognition of the city of San Diego and the more than 200 participants representing 25 states. While the pictures humorously portrayed the meet, your readers might want to know of a few of the many fine performances.

For instance, you showed former world record holder Bud Hield of San Diego receiving the winner's medal. He won it by a healthy toss of 218.27. Double winner Pete Mondile of Santa Monica, Calif. covered the three-mile in 15:35.0 and the 5-mile in 31:28.4. Dr. Richard Packard of Boston traveled the 26-mile marathon in 2:48:51.6.

The outstanding athlete selected was Willis Klemmner of Azusa, Calif. He won five of the sevenathlon events as follows: 220 in 24.0; 440 in 53.1; 880 in 2:09; long jump, 18' 10"; shotput, 40' 10 1/2". He was third in the mile event.

JOHN T. HINES  
Seniors Track Club

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

## BIG FLAKE

Sirs,

I enjoyed Mark Mathen's article on Super Flake Dennis McClain very much (*The 3 Dollars for Joe's Dream*, July 29). It really makes your heart bleed to hear that the poor humble guy has to borrow a bear jet to make his way around. Gee, Dennis, we'll be in there rooting for you to get that measly 100 grand next year so you can buy your own bear just like Arnie's. Meanwhile, keep licking out the way you have been with Freddie, Horton, Kalene and 7000 peps you've had so many runs to play with that even Paching Coach Sam could have won 15 games by now. Yes, Dennis, you're the biggest flake, but the American League's best pitcher this year is Cleveland's small Cuban god, Luis Tiant.

MIKE DUFFY

Idaho City, Iowa

## GETTING HOOKED

Sirs,

If I had anything to say about it, Frank Deford (on Jonathan Swift in guest) would receive the Pulitzer Prize for the best and most potent short satire of the year (*My Battle for Our Rightful Place at the Top*, July 22).

Only in an article of this type can one see the current restless mayhem that is all

too characteristic of the professional sports scene in the U.S. today. Viewing the satire closely, it is easy to see how a group of men get hooked on a new, sensational idea that they try to force-feed the public—they fall in love with the idea because it's their own imaginative creation. And this idea has to be good for the public, says being what they are. No sampling of public opinion is necessary before ideas are put into action because the top brass already knows what the public wants.

I only have one criticism of Mr. Deford's story. It just may be read by an ambitious millionaire who, taking the words for the gospel, will try to start his own forecasting league or maybe try to revise the University of Missouri's Cottrell House election on a national level.

What Gulliver's *Travels* is to British politics, *My Battle* is to American sports. The English changed their ways eventually. Let's just hope the Americans will do the same and take a little less time doing it.

RAY E. BROWN

Napa, Calif.

## CHARACTER MOLDING

Sirs,

I got the weekend copies *Pharos* for his article *The Bear we Let Walk Is Greasy* (July 22) in which emphasis was placed not on competition and winning but on the constructive influence one life can have on others.

People like George Haines and Glenn Hummer are doing much more than turning out winning teams and Olympic stars. They are molding the character of thousands of young people and preparing them well for the responsibilities which they will have to face in their lives that is ahead.

I initially engaged Glenn Hummer for our swimming page in the *Y* in the city. Mr. George Haines and others like him are what they are today because of his leadership and now George carries on in the same tradition.

W. H. SMITH DUNN  
The World Men's of  
Y M C A's

Geneva, Switzerland

## THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs,

I have been reading your articles on the Negro athlete (*The Black Athlete*—*A Miserable Story*, July 1, et seq.) and am very surprised at the way some large and small universities have treated them.

I coach at Purdue-Calamet, which is a branch of Purdue-Lafayette (we call them Purdue South), and maybe I have been

flashed with unusual Negro athletes, but we have a terrific relationship with our Negro players. Our program is unique and individualized and deserves some attention for the positive side of the racial ledger.

We at Purdue-Calamet are proud of our Negro athletes and we encourage them to participate in social activities and intellectual groups, as well as athletics.

Our Negro center on the basketball team, for example, is the President of our Student Congress, an A-B student, is active in numerous civic and campus organizations and is planning to attend law school upon graduation.

He was educated in all-Negro schools in Gary with little dealings with the white race before coming to Purdue-Calamet. He has come a long way and has even amazed himself. I would not be surprised if he doesn't obtain his present goal of becoming mayor of Gary and maybe go a lot further. This is only one case, we have more.

Since we do not offer athletic scholarships, our athletes play for the love of the game and not for what they receive. To my way of thinking, these are the real American athletes.

Let's tell the other side of the Negro story. It may be interesting, in fact, maybe a lot more interesting than the side that has already been told.

JOHN S. SIMPSON

Head Soccer and Basketball Coach  
Hammond, Ind.

Sirs,

Thank God I'm white. I wouldn't have the guts to be black.

MARK F. FETTER

Richmond

Sirs,

Since the black athlete series started I have wanted to write to say how revealing and helpful the writing and reporting of that series has been.

There is no doubt that the series, and perhaps the book that will follow, will be a significant addition to a better understanding of one of America's most critical problems.

STANLEY H. STRAYER and Time Inc. are to be commended for taking leadership in this still area.

BILL FOSTER  
Director of Marketing

Howard Johnson's  
New York City

Sirs,

Bravo and congratulations to STANLEY H. STRAYER and Jack Olsen for the tremendous series on the black athlete!

continued

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 It works.

**Dr. Scholl's**

**The  
Athlete's Foot  
Fighter.**



# 18TH HOLE continued

Your articles have had considerable impact on El Paso, though they have not effected any change in university policy. I, like many others, was grateful to have what I know to be true appear in print with so much authority, and I look forward to seeing the effect of this revealing series in the seasons ahead.

GWENDOLYN D. YOUNG

El Paso

Sirs:

I feel that Mr. Olsen has failed in one area. He has failed to give recognition to any work already being done to equalize the races in the field of sports. Dan Devine, the athletic director and football coach of Missouri, has done more than many of the coaches across the country combined. In his 13 years of coaching football, only a very few of his football players have failed to graduate. He gives them, both black and white, the understanding they need. He has, in his 10 years at Mizzou, compiled one of the best win-loss records in the country. He has done this by taking high school football players and making them not only excellent football players but also excellent men.

Now that all of the uproar has begun, a lot of colleges are hiring Negro coaches, but Devine hired Premice Gault before all of this trouble in the sports world. He saw the need, and he sought to fill this lack as soon as he could.

ADRIAN STEEL JR.

Flomissant, Mo.

Sirs:

As an ardent Cardinal fan for the past 35 years and the parent of a teen-age boy who lives and dies with the team's fortunes each fall, it was with special interest that I read Part 5 of Jack Olsen's series detailing the woes that befell the team during the 1987 season.

As we watched the Cardinals lose to the Giants at Yankee Stadium last December, we believed—albeit naively, it would now appear—that the concern of the coaching staff and the players was to give their best to try and win the game and not worry whether a man's skin under the jersey he wore was either white or black.

Small wonder that the Giants won the game by a mere 25 points—or that the Cardinals were able to win any games at all!

It would appear the only hope for the Cardinals this season and in the future is that the Cardinal troublemakers have either been traded, retired, or finally grown to manhood. It's tough enough to win in the NFL with 40 men playing as a team. Cardinal fans deserve something better than supporting a group of individuals.

EDWARD T. MURKIN

Cedar Grove, N.J.

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